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A FUTURE ROYAL SAILOR'S FIRST VISIT TO HIS FIRST SHIP: PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES ON BOARD THE KING'S MODEL BRIG ON VIRGINIA WATER.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOPKOEK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY END.

On Ascot Sunday the King and Queen, with Princess Victoria and Princes Edward and Albert of Wales, drove to Virginia Water and took tea in the Fishing Temple. The party afterwards went on board the new model 10-gun brig, and Prince Edward climbed the rigging and pulled the flag up and down several times.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Years have not robbed me of the power of illusion. When I heard that a Departmental Committee was inquiring into the operation of the Income Tax, I said—"The members of this august body are just men: they will temper the wind to shorn lambs; they will apply the shears to the flourishing rams who have escaped clipping; they will adjust the burden to the strength of the back, so that the poor man shall not have more than he should bear, and the rich man shall not have less." Vanity of human wishes! The Report of the Committee does not touch these essential matters. Instead of saying to Parliament: "You must graduate the Income Tax so that professional incomes, which fluctuate deplorably, shall pay on a lower scale than incomes from investments and solid 'property,'" this fearsome Report proposes to give the screw another twist by substituting a return of the income of each year for the present average of three years. There is a fiendish artfulness in this. Suppose your income from writing sonnets goes up a hundred or two in an exceptional year, when everybody wants sonnets, when there is a perfect craze among proud fathers, whose twins have been announced in the *Times*, to have them sonnetted for the family archives; you will be expected to make your return accordingly. But next year, when nobody wants sonnets, when triolets are all the rage (you can't write triolets, or you are above writing triolets), and there is a painful shrinkage in your receipts, you will have to explain the boom in triolets and the slump in sonnets to official gentlemen who think, most likely, that all kinds of poetic produce have splendid markets.

I gather that novelists and publishers, who wallow in untold gold, are eyed with suspicion. It seems to be thought that the profits of fiction are veiled from lawful view. A novelist who is not conscious of widespread popularity may get a letter in these terms: "The Commissioners of Inland Revenue cannot help thinking that you have inadvertently omitted from your return the proceeds of your powerful novel of rural life, 'The Village Idiot.' By the forethought of Mr. Mudie and the facilities of Mr. Carnegie's free libraries, the Commissioners have been able to read this striking work, and they hasten to tender you their congratulations. But they are compelled to suggest that such a book must have had an enormous sale, which is not perceptible in the statement of your income. The intoxication of success, which they can well appreciate, has probably distracted your attention from the subject; but you may deem it advisable to repair the oversight by making an amended return." The novelist, a master of irony, may answer thus: "It is quite true that the free libraries are plentifully stocked with 'The Village Idiot,' and I surmise, as you do, that they have disbursed vast sums. But as these have not reached me, I must refer you to my publisher, who may have concealed them on his premises. For some time past I have suspected him of being a miser, and I should not be surprised to learn that hoards (which belong to me) have been found in his chimneys and worsted hose—the large size that golfers wear."

It is the natural desire of all writers to make a scapegoat of a publisher; and I bethink me of a poem I heard an audacious journalist recite long years ago in the presence of Mr. Austin Dobson, whose celebrated ballad of "The Ladies of St. James's" was travestied in this fashion—

The Journalists of Fleet Street
Wear shoddy on their backs;
They dwell in shabby attics,
Unworthy of a tax.
But Publishers, my Publishers,
Keep flunkies on their stairs
In ostentatious mansions
In uppish Western squares.
The Journalists of Fleet Street
Have precious little cash;
They risk their all in papers
Which promptly go to smash.
But Publishers, my Publishers,
Sit twirling of their thumbs,
While weary clerks with ledgers
Tot up colossal sums.

I remember that one or two publishers, who listened to this, and a good deal more to the same purpose, exhibited signs of deep emotion; probably the emotion of men who are found out. This information should be useful to the Income Tax Commissioners. Let them keep an eye on the publisher; let them be particularly wary when he professes to be a golfer; for in that case it may be found that he has made large purchases of worsted stockings, far more than any man can wear in a lifetime!

I learn from an American journal that every fashionable dog has his day, his visiting day, when he pays calls

and leaves cards. He possesses a card-case engraved with his monogram; he has stationery, too, adorned with his crest. In the cultivated circles he frequents it is proposed to issue a "Dog's Who's Who," giving the names, addresses, lineage, achievements at shows, and other fascinating details of the pet dog of Columbia. In Mr. H. G. Wells's Utopia there are no dogs: imagine a world without dog-stories! How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable would be all its uses for the subscribers to the "Dog's Who's Who"! If their passion for the dog should spread to this country, where dog-worship is already a reputable cult, and take the same agreeable forms, I should advise the Commissioners to assess the pet dog for Income Tax. A mere licence, such as prevails now, is no compliment to his dignity. A dog with a crest, a coat-of-arms, a card-case, and a distinguished place in the chronicles of fashion, ought to pay a shilling in the pound, reckoned on his owner's estate. Then we might have some semblance of justice in the graduation of burdens. The assessment form might have a stipulation in this wise: "State whether you have a dog, and, if so, whether he belongs to the aristocracy of his order, and figures in the 'Who's Who' of blue blood." If you think this extravagant, set it down to my zeal for the public revenue.

Here let me urge the gentle reader to linger over our Supplement this week—Mr. Cecil Aldin's moving picture of the Lost Dogs at the Battersea Home. It ought to melt the heart even of an Income Tax collector. Look at those glistening eyes and wistful muzzles; note especially that big fellow with his paws round the unfeeling bars. He is not mourning so much for himself, you may be sure, as for his master, one of those journalists in the shabby attics. Ponto's melancholy wail at Battersea, when translated into our cumbersome speech, means this: "Oh, my poor old pal! What is he doing now? He'll never be able to write that article on the Army Stores Scandal without me in the attic!" But observe the dogs in the rear, who are holding haughtily aloof from this demonstration of woe. Depend upon it, they are the blue bloods! That consequential bull-terrier, for instance, is saying to himself: "No need for all this fuss! Very bad form I call it. Anyhow, I'm in the Dog's Debrett. They'll soon find ME!"

From that American journal I also learn that there is "a new hand": hands are much whiter than they were last season; "more even in colour, and rather glossy." A pink palm is a great distinction of the new hand; you can produce that with a little vegetable powder; if the pinkness goes off, try the juice of the berry.

But fill me with the old familiar juice:
Methinks I shall recover by and by.

Glossiness you achieve in various ways. Hot water and vinegar are recommended. Lemon is honourably mentioned; but I am told by a lady of my acquaintance that it turns the hand yellow. You can cultivate glossiness on a little oatmeal; make a paste with admixture of borax and almond-oil; then let the hands repose all night in gloves two sizes too large. "Nothing new in that," said the lady of my acquaintance. "But absent-minded women should avoid those gloves." "Goodness me! And why?" "Because I knew a girl who didn't know what she was saying half the time, and when a young man who had intentions asked her size in gloves, she said, 'Sevens.' How was he to tell it was the night size she was thinking of?" "Well, what then?" "Oh, it led to a coolness, and he didn't marry her. You see, he was particularly gone on small hands; and hers were small enough, but she threw away her luck!"

I relate this anecdote as a useful warning; but it is not the point of these remarks. Why should not the Commissioners keep a sharp look-out for the glossy hand? It argues much leisure and ample means. The hand of little employment, says Hamlet, hath the daintier sense. When it is employed in keeping its palm pink, and the back of it glossy, it is a hand that should contribute largely to the Exchequer. The assessment form, addressed to ladies of independent income, should have this proviso: "State whether your hand is glossy; if so, by what device, oatmeal or another, you preserve it in that condition." It might be well for the surveyor of taxes to inspect the hands in his district. Of course, he would do this with delicacy. He would not say with Romeo: "Would I were a glove upon that hand!" for the owner might retort: "You'd be two sizes too large!"; and this would scarcely consort with official dignity. But he might say: "Madam, you do your hand injustice; it should be assessed at double the income you have specified in the return." This would be a compliment, and also a shrewd guess mayhap at the lady's resources. Such an inspection might be called inquisitorial; but the Income Tax is an inquisition already; and my suggestion would give it a touch of romance, which, to be sure, it sorely needs.

IS SPONTANEOUS GENERATION POSSIBLE?

When Kipling, in "The Conundrum of the Workshops," remarked that—

We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yolk
Of an addled egg,

he spoke, as became him, loosely and unscientifically, but, like many another man of genius, he may in his allegory have builded better than he knew. For in these last days the darkest conundrum of the workshops—that is, of the laboratories—has been much on men's lips, by virtue of certain observations (let us not hasten to call them discoveries) that have been made at Cambridge and that have reopened the great questions of the origin of life and of spontaneous generation. The experiments, be it noted, are still in their initial stage, and Mr. J. Butler Burke, who has carried them out at the Cavendish Laboratory, has all the dislike of the true man of science to premature and inaccurate trumpetings abroad of his observations: it would therefore be indecent to proclaim that he has disproved the old conclusion, *Omne vivum ex vivo*; but he has, at any rate, demonstrated something that has set the scientific world agog to learn more, and it may be that his adumbrations will one day pass from the region of shadow into the clear light of established knowledge.

It will not surprise the lay mind to learn that the potent factor in this advance is the all-compelling radium, which, having upset our notions of physics, now threatens to revolutionise accepted ideas of biology. Since the experiments of Huxley and Pasteur it has been held, except by one or two independent thinkers, that spontaneous generation was impossible under existing conditions—that is, that a living thing could be derived only from a living parent; that the inorganic could not produce the organic; to vary the expression once more, that dead matter could not produce living. Matter which Pasteur sterilised and carefully isolated obstinately refused to show any presence of bacteria, and the inference was almost universally accepted that there was no such thing as spontaneous generation. But with the application of radium, the element that is inorganic, yet unstable, to a sterilised substance, we are faced with a manifestation that may lead to a revision of the old finding. Mr. Burke, seeking to produce unstable molecular aggregates in certain organic substances, exposed a solution of sterilised bouillon or beef-gelatine to the action of radium, and in about two days' time there appeared in the formerly lifeless matter certain bodies that have at least the appearance of living organisms. They are, it is true, if alive at all, a much lower form of life than any hitherto known, but it may not prevent their vitality being demonstrable. They seem to have nuclei; they grow; at a certain point they effect cleavage, and separate bodies go off to lead a separate existence. These, when removed from the original tube and placed in an unsterilised medium, continue to exhibit the manifestations which at least resemble life. Another peculiarity of the "radiobes," as Mr. Burke has called them, is that, when exposed to light, they disappear, but return after a day or two in the dark. It has been suggested that they may be crystals, which are known to grow; but this Mr. Burke has answered by the test of polarised light. Under the polariscope, crystals exhibit wonderful gradations of light and shade arranged in more or less geometrical forms, some of them, such as those we illustrate on another page, presenting the figure of the helix, or screw propeller. The bodies observed in his experiments do not yield this result under the polariscope, and this seems to forbid their being regarded as crystals. On the other hand, they are not bacteria, for they are soluble in water, which bacteria are not; but the observer does not see why this should necessarily exclude them from the domain of living things, for he contends that there is no reason why the more elementary living organisms hitherto undiscovered should not be soluble. At the present stage, however, it is impossible to pronounce with certainty on these points. Further examination, conducted with the most jealously scientific care, will alone determine the nature of the new bodies. At the same time Mr. Burke is extending his inquiries, and is subjecting sterilised bouillon to the influence of uranium and thorium.

The first and most obvious objection to the satisfactoriness of the experiment was, of course, the contention that, supposing the sterilisation of the beef-gelatine was perfect, might not the radium itself have contained the germs. Radium, however, is in itself fatal to bacteria—that is to say, it is antiseptic, and further, even if this were not so, it was subjected to the sterilising process at the same time as the bouillon, being exposed to a heat of 130 deg. Cent., in which no known organism can exist. The inference seems, therefore, to be inevitable that the radium has set up in the dead bouillon some modification, some "unstable aggregate" that may be a living organism, conforming to Spencer's definition of life—"the continuous adjustment of internal to external relations." If this be so, then we have the confirmation of Spencer's theory that at one period life must have been evolved from dead matter, for the period when the earth was incandescent would have been fatal to all organic life. In the recent experiments, curiously enough, the process, whatever it is, has taken place after the substances used had been heated to a temperature that must have destroyed all life, and yet the gelatine has undergone change, and change that may be in the direction of the formation of living from dead material.

It has been pointed out that the recent experiments bear an interesting relation to the work of Professor Pflüger, of Bonn, who thirty years ago suggested that cyanogen, which is formed at an incandescent heat, might be the cause of introducing energetic internal motion into matter. Mr. Burke gained only negative results from this, but there lay to his hand the new agent, radium, which he employed with the results here outlined. If his radiobes are, indeed, spontaneously generated, the discovery is of overwhelming importance, but it only increases the wonder and mystery of the Universe. For behind radium, what?

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AT SANDHURST. For the first time since his accession the King, on June 26, visited the Royal Military College and the Staff College. The day was magnificent. At twelve o'clock, when his Majesty arrived, the Sandhurst students were formed up as a battalion of six companies at the main entrance of the college. His Majesty was received with a general salute, and was welcomed at the saluting-base by the Commandant, Colonel Kitson. On the ground were General Sir John French and his personal staff from Aldershot, the Inspector of Cavalry, and other members of the Staff of the Duke of



Photo. Beresford.
SIR FRANCIS MOWATT.



Photo. Langley.
FIELD-MARSHAL SIR GEORGE WHITE.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE RT. HON. SIR GEORGE TAUBMAN GOLDIE.

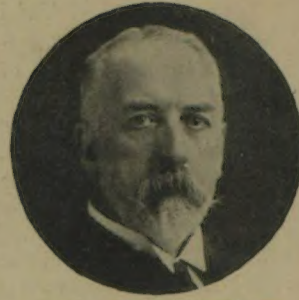


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. SAMUEL HOPE MORLEY.

THE ARMY STORES INQUIRY: MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION APPOINTED TO INVESTIGATE THE ALLEGATIONS IN GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BUTLER'S REPORT.



THE HORSE SHOW AT RANELAGH: A PRIZE-WINNER.
SKETCH BY RALPH CLEAVER.

The annual polo-pony and horse show was held at Ranelagh on June 24. The number of entries compared very favourably with that of former years, and the quality of the exhibits was excellent. The prizes were presented by the Countess of Kimberley.

is certain to be characterised by absolute fairness and insight. For this its *personnel* is the best guarantee. The chairman, the Hon. Mr. Justice Farwell, is one of his Majesty's Judges of the High Court; and is experienced more perhaps than any of his brothers on the Bench in commercial law and practice. For many years he was one of the leading counsel in all the great cases where business interests were involved. Sir G. D. Taubman Goldie has a wide experience of Africa, and is known as the founder of Nigeria. He is a Manxman, an officer of the Royal Engineers, and served on the Elgin Commission on the war. Of Field-Marshal Sir George White's record it is unnecessary to speak. His name is synonymous with Ladysmith, and on a commission which has to unravel tortuous questions of military administration his services will be invaluable. The fourth member, Sir Francis Mowatt, has spent his life in the Civil Service, and has been Permanent Secretary to the Treasury. Mr. Samuel Hope Morley, the fifth member, is a business man of great ability who can be trusted to criticise with acumen and justice the purely commercial transactions which will

Connaught, who, as Inspector-General of the Forces, himself accompanied his Majesty. The King first inspected the cadets, passing along the line with the Duke of Connaught and Colonel Kitson. His Majesty then returned to the saluting-point for the march past, and thereafter hollow square was formed opposite the College front. The King, mounting the steps, addressed the cadets, expressing his gratification with their smartness on parade, and urging them to make the best use of their time. The King then dismissed the parade, but before the cadets disbanded Colonel Kitson called for three cheers for his Majesty, and these were given enthusiastically. The King next inspected the College buildings, and then saw an exhibition of horsemanship by the senior cadets, who wore white khaki uniforms. At the close of the visit to Sandhurst the King motored over to the Staff College, where he was received by Colonel Sir Henry Rawlinson. There his Majesty inspected the memorial to officers who fell in South Africa, the College buildings generally, and was greatly interested in the pictures and in the war table, where the positions of the opposing troops in Manchuria are recorded from day to day on large maps. A levée of the officer students followed, and a cordial address from the King brought the day's proceedings to an end.

THE ARMY STORES COMMISSION.

The Commission which is to inquire into the question of sales and refunds of Army Stores after the war in South Africa is to have full judicial powers, in order to determine and, if need be, fix the blame which Sir William Butler, in his report, could touch upon only in a general manner. The Commission will be able to hear evidence upon oath, and to compel the attendance of witnesses from places outside the United Kingdom. Whatever may be the ultimate finding of the Commission, it



THE MOST FASHIONABLE DAY OF THE SEASON AT HURLINGHAM: ASCOT SATURDAY.
SKETCH BY RALPH CLEAVER.

On Ascot Saturday there was the usual brilliant gathering after the races to witness the final tie of the Champion Cup Polo Tournament, which was won by Roehampton from the Old Cantabs by five goals to nil.

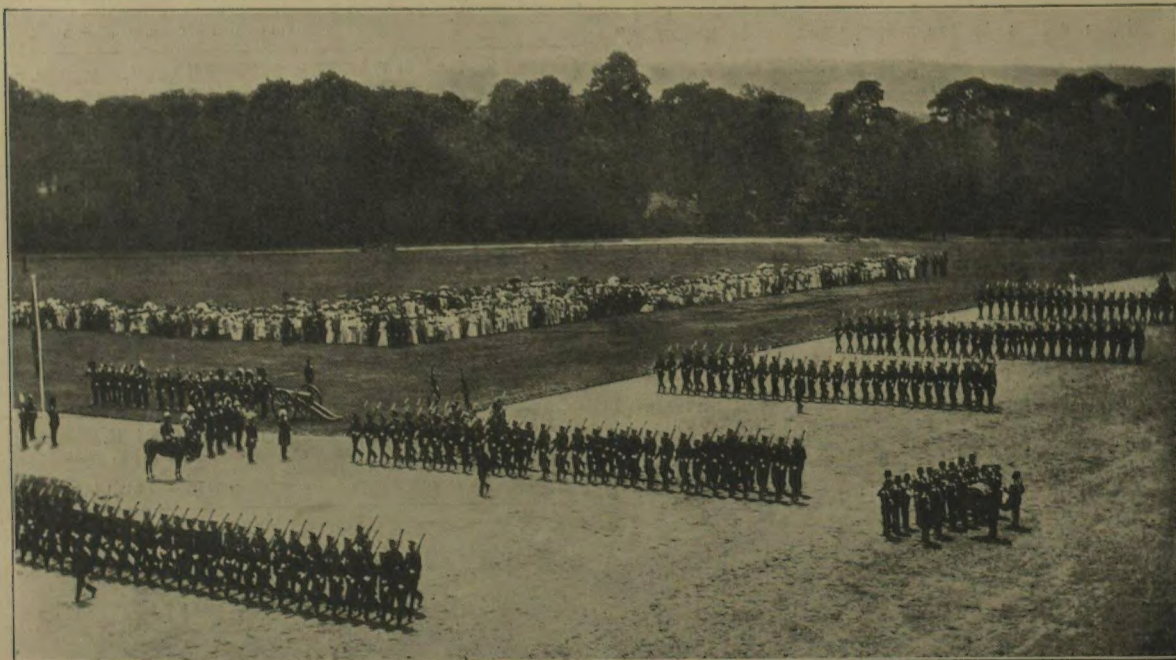


Photo. Clarke, Camberley.

THE KING'S FIRST VISIT TO SANDHURST SINCE HIS ACCESSION: THE CADETS' MARCH PAST.

The Sandhurst cadets have now discarded the helmet for the undress cap, and they carry the new rifle. On parade before the King they looked exceedingly smart and workmanlike, and their marching was excellent.

be brought under review. He is a director of the old Wood Street firm of John and Richard Morley, warehousemen, and has been Governor of the Bank of England.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

Mr. Roosevelt has received from the Russian and Japanese Governments a communication stating that the plenipotentiaries of the two countries will meet in the United States during the first days of August. The President has requested that the meeting should take place, if possible, on Aug. 1, or on the earliest possible date thereafter. It is understood that Japan has already chosen her envoys. The names are supposed to be in Mr. Roosevelt's hands, and will be announced as soon as the Russian choice of representatives is made known. Mr. Takahira, Japanese Minister at Washington, will probably be one of the plenipotentiaries. It is almost certain that neither the Marquis Ito nor Marshal Yamagata will take part in the proceedings. M. Nelidoff is again mentioned on the Russian side, and he may be accompanied by Baron Rosen, who was Minister at Tokio when the war broke out.

HOLIDAYS IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

We illustrate this week some picturesque parts of northern England of which the people in the South are gradually beginning to realise the possibilities as holiday resorts. We do not know our own country half well enough, and are far too ready to imagine that we

IMPERIAL JAPAN WITHIN OUR GATES: PRINCE ARISUGAWA'S VISIT.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



Viscount Hayashi.

Prince.

Princess.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARISUGAWA THE GUESTS OF THE JAPAN SOCIETY AT THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS, JUNE 27.

On the invitation of the Japan Society, a distinguished company assembled to meet the Prince and Princess. Mr. Holmes, the president, Mr. Diosy, and other members welcomed their Imperial Highnesses. Mrs. Holmes presented the Princess with a bouquet.



H.I.H. PRINCESS ARISUGAWA OF JAPAN,
NOW VISITING THIS COUNTRY.

must go abroad for the picturesque and the historical. The time was when it was easier to go to the Continent, but the Great Northern and North Eastern Railways have changed all that, and the districts that we illustrate are now within easy reach of London by the special excursion service of

Mr. Michelsen, the Norwegian Prime Minister, who carried through the Act of Separation, has held office since March, when, on the resignation of Professor Hagerup, he formed a Coalition Ministry representing all Norwegian political parties. On June 7, when the Government announced its resignation to King Oscar, the Storting at Christiania entrusted Mr. Michelsen and the Norwegian Council of State with the task of carrying on the work of Norway as an independent State until the separation could be legally arranged.

Mr. Lövlund was one of the Norwegian Members of Council of State who had his official residence at Stockholm. As soon as the secession was agreed upon, and the Norwegian Cabinet had handed its resignation to King Oscar, Mr. Lövlund returned to Christiania. In a recent number we illustrated his public reception in the Norwegian capital.

The Right Rev. Edward Stuart Talbot, first Bishop of Southwark, who will, of course, figure prominently

in the inauguration service at the new Southwark Cathedral, which the King and Queen will attend on the 3rd inst., was born in February 1844, and has been Warden of Keble College, Vicar of Leeds, Hon. Canon of Ripon, Chaplain to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Chaplain in



H.I.H. PRINCE ARISUGAWA OF JAPAN,
NOW VISITING THIS COUNTRY.

that company. Barnard Castle has a great many literary associations, it is not far from the scene of "Rokeby," and the district is reminiscent of "Nicholas Nickleby."

FRANCE M. Rouvier's Note to the AND German Government has not pleased Berlin, and no wonder. France simply adheres to her position in Morocco, which is in no sense incompatible with German interests. M. Rouvier declares that he is not opposed to a Conference in principle, but he could agree to it only on the explicit understanding that it was in no way to interfere with the French agreements with England and Spain. As Germany wants a Conference solely to upset those agreements and cause discord between France and England, the French Note is most unwelcome to the German Government. Prince Bülow succeeded in overthrowing M. Delcassé, but now he finds M. Delcassé's policy firmly sustained by M. Delcassé's successor. The German Press announces that Germany must pursue her own course in Morocco; but she has certainly failed in her main object. Paris declines to be the satellite of Berlin.

OUR Prince Arisugawa, our PORTRAITS. Imperial guest, is by no means a stranger to this country, as some have assumed, although it is eight years since his last visit—when he represented the Mikado at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. He owes it, too, much of his nautical education, for he joined H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, then flag-ship on the China Station, in 1879, when he was seventeen. His career has been that of a distinguished naval officer. He joined the British Channel Squadron, and later had a thorough training at Greenwich. He saw active service during the war with China, and commanded the cruiser *Matsushima* during the winter of 1894 and 1895, until the death of his brother made his return to Tokio a necessity; and he has been Admiral Superintendent of the Japanese Ports-mouth, Yokosuka. Until the birth of the Crown Prince in 1879, he was the heir-presumptive to the throne. Princess Arisugawa, who is accompanying her husband, was born Yasuko, second daughter of Malda, the wealthy Daimio of Kaga, and was married on Dec. 13, 1879.



Prince von Radolin.

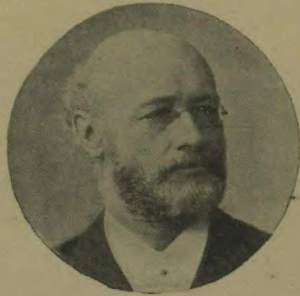
M. Rouvier.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN DIFFICULTY: A DIPLOMATIC CONVERSATION AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY BETWEEN M. ROUVIER, FRENCH PRIME MINISTER AND MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AND THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR, PRINCE VON RADOLIN.

During a most important interview last week, M. Rouvier handed to the German Ambassador a Note recapitulating France's position in the Morocco question. He pointed out that France must maintain her interests on the frontier of her most important colony, which might at any time be menaced by the Moorish arms, and Germany was reminded that she had no such territorial interests.



MR. MICHELSEN,
NORWEGIAN PRIME MINISTER, WHO
CARRIED THROUGH THE SECESSION
FROM SWEDEN.



MR. LOVLUND,
FORMER NORWEGIAN MINISTER OF
COUNCIL OF STATE FOR SWEDEN AND
NORWAY AT STOCKHOLM.



THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK,
WHO WILL TAKE A PROMINENT PART
IN THE INAUGURATION OF SOUTHWARK
CATHEDRAL ON JULY 3.



THE LATE DR. W. T. BLANFORD,
FAMOUS GEOLOGIST AND ZOOLOGIST,
FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE
GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

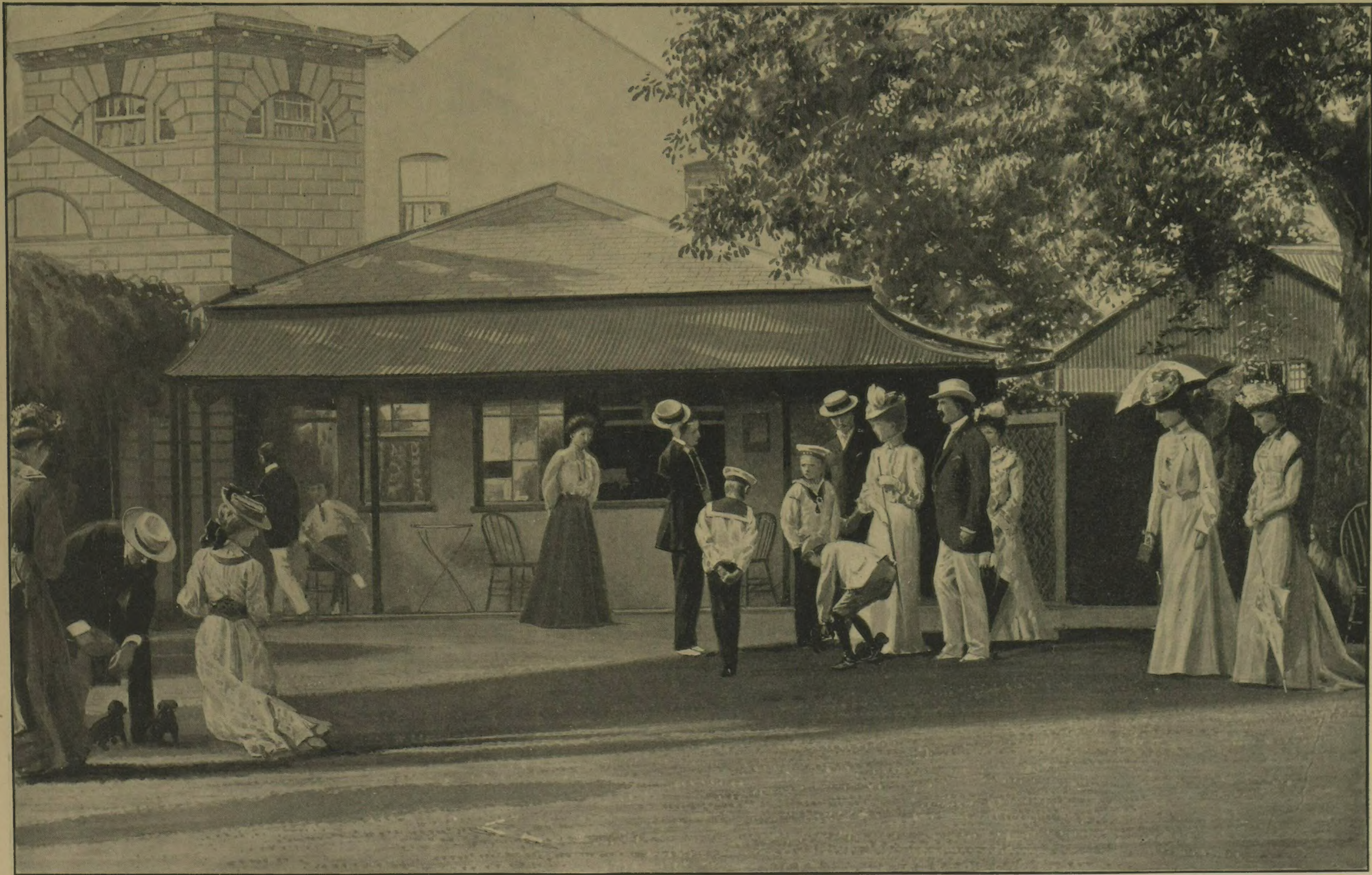
Ordinary to Queen Victoria, and Bishop of Rochester. His hobby is travelling.

A very distinguished geologist and zoologist died on the 23rd of last month in the person of Dr. William Thomas Blanford. Dr. Blanford, who was born in Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, in October 1832, went from a private school to the Royal School of Mines, there took the Duke of Cornwall's Scholarship, and afterwards studied at the Freiberg Mining Academy. His first appointment was to the staff of the Geological Survey in India; and he was also geologist to the Abyssinian Expedition of 1868, and a member of the Persian Boundary Commission of 1872. He was President of the Geological Section with the British Association in Canada in 1884, for four years one of the secretaries and afterwards President of the Geological Society, President of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1878 and 1879, and Fellow and once a Vice-President of the Royal Society. He wrote and edited numerous works on his particular subjects.

ENTENTE The Kaiser can scarcely OR be gratified ALLIANCE? to note that his diplomacy is making thoughtful Frenchmen consider the expediency of making the *Entente Cordiale* a still closer bond between France and England. M. Delafosse, one of the ablest of French politicians, frankly proposes to his countrymen an alliance with this country. Even if France were attacked and defeated by the German armies, he says, England, as her ally, would destroy the German navy and sweep German commerce from the seas. She would blockade the German ports, and strangle the German export trade. In a very short time she would find her victories on French soil quite fruitless, and England would dictate the terms of peace. This is a calculation which has evidently not occurred to the war-party at Berlin, to the Pan-Germans who exult at the prospect of drawing the sword. If the Kaiser is going to consolidate the relations between France and England, where will Germany be when Russia makes peace with Japan, and resumes her interest in the affairs of Europe?

THE ROYAL RIVER PARTY ON ASCOT SATURDAY: THE LANDING ON MONKEY ISLAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JULY 1, 1905.—7

Prince Albert. Prince Edward. Queen.

Princess Victoria.

PLAYING WITH THE PUPPIES: THE LITTLE PRINCES ON MONKEY ISLAND DURING THE LANDING FOR TEA.

On the afternoon of Saturday, June 24, the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria and the Prince. Edward and Albert of Wales, and attended by the members of their suite, went up the river on a lunch in the direction of Bray. They landed on Monkey Island for tea, spent an hour there, and afterwards returned to Windsor Castle.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT PARK ROYAL: THE SHIRE-HORSE PARADE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

The Show was opened at the society's permanent ground on June 27. In the afternoon the Prince of Wales was present for two hours, and was greatly interested in the Agricultural Education Exhibition. One of the King's shire horses took the third prize, and his Majesty's exhibits took firsts in the shorthorn class and in the Hereford, Devon, and Southdown classes.



A CHINESE STORY RETOLD AT COVENT GARDEN: "L'ORACOLO," THE NEW ONE-ACT OPERA BASED ON "THE CAT AND THE CHERUB."

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

The opera, produced on June 28, was founded on "The Cat and the Cherub" of C. B. Ferrald, by Camille Zanoni. The music is by Franco Leon. The scene is laid in the Chinese Quarter of San Francisco.



IN the memoirs of that respectable person, the Maréchal de Bassompierre, it is written: "At Calais I learnt that my dear friend, the Baron de Mezivier, Governor of Dunkirk, had been slain in the street by one Ercole of Bologna, an assassin in the pay of two Englishmen called Fortescue, pirates and ravishers." So Ercole lives in history a hired murderer.

Now, both among the papers of a Kentish muniment-room and in the archives of Dunkirk there is also much written concerning Ercole. "Yr lordship's obdt. servant—John Fortescue," and "Goulard, Maire," alike insist that Ercole was a desperate rogue. Yet between them they give some strange facts. And I think Ercole would like them all told.

Ercole was short and squat, bull-necked, with a copper face, says John Fortescue. And adds that his forehead was of brass. This is metaphorical and a jest. On a night when the sixteenth century was growing grey, Ercole, in his cloak of weather-beaten green velvet, came, with two rapiers at his belt, sauntering through the crooked streets of Dunkirk. He had something the air of a dog desirous of a bone. The air was very still and moonlit. Ercole could hear the tide lapping on the Quai des Hollandais; he saw the dark thicket of masts and the ship-lights burning yellow beneath the silvery sky. There was a noise over his head. High in the white house wall a tiny casement opened. A wealth of rippling dark tresses came into the moonlight. So Ercole waited in the shadow. A white arm glimmered above; it touched the face and then was thrown out towards the sea—twice, thrice. Then white arm and dark tresses vanished. Softly the casement was shut.

Ercole bowed to the sea. "Salute to the happy cavalier!" he said in French. "Eh, Mademoiselle, but there are yet proper men on land." Then he looked the house up and down. "Ah, ah. The house of the Mayor. The chaste house of the Mayor throws kisses at the sea." There was a noise close beside him. Again he drew back in the shadow. "Fie then! Also the chaste house of the Mayor has a back door. Oh, Master Mayor!" The little back door opened. Someone gave a deep chuckle, and—

"Psha! What matter, Goulard man? She will see enough of me afterward, *hein*? Thursday, then. Nightfall, *hein*?"

"Thursday, Excellency." There came out a full-figured man swathed in a cloak. The door was shut and he went off stealthily.

Silently Ercole came out of his shadow. "M. le Baron de Mezivier, Governor of Dunkirk, uses the chaste back door. Fie again! And—she—will see enough of M. le Baron de Mezivier after Thursday. It is easily possible. I could see enough of him in half an hour. But—but—M. le Baron does not live on the sea. Now I wonder—" So Ercole communed with himself and wondered. A soldier of fortune out at elbows must needs do both.

Wondering somewhat idly, Ercole came round to the front of the Mayor's house, and behold! he was again rewarded. A man was knocking at the door, and from his clumsy sword Ercole guessed him English. The door was opened by a manservant, who cried at once in Flemish for his master. The Mayor (let us have his honourable name in full), Pierre-Etienne Goulard, appeared, and cried out at once in French:

"How often am I to deny you, Sir?"

"Sir, I do not desire to be denied."

"Is my house to have no peace?"

"Till I am answered, none."

"*Dame!* Hast been answered a hundred times."

"By you only."

"Yes, by me—Goulard, Mayor. I say that my niece bids thee go home, Englishman, and trouble her no more."

"I take that of her lips alone."

"Wilt take it of mine, Englishman. And, *dame!* of mine no more. Listen, Englishman: trouble my house

again, and shalt be whipped at the cart's tail through Dunkirk for a rogue and a vagabond and—" The Englishman laughed in his face, whereat the Mayor spluttered.

"See you, Master Mayor, let her but bid me go, and go I will; but—"

"Bah!" quoth the Mayor, and slammed the door on him. The Englishman stared at it a moment, put his hand to his sword-hilt as though he would knock again, then turned on his heel and gave a great sigh and strode off.

"So!" said Ercole. "So!"—a tribute to the size of the sigh. "And England is over the sea," and he followed the Englishman craftily, unobserved. He began to smell the savour of a bone.

The pair of them came out on the quay. It grew clear to Ercole that his quarry was making for the inn La Chaloupe Verte. So Ercole passed him and came there first. Inside, he found a man sitting over a bottle of wine—a man most wondrous like his quarry. Ercole wished him a good-evening in Italian. The Englishman shook his head. Ercole smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and called in Italian for eels and sack. The Flemish maid gaped and giggled. Ercole grew wrathful and screamed (always in Italian). Then came the man he had followed.



"I am Ercole of Bologna."

"So, Jack! What fortune?" cried the one waiting. Jack shook his head and dropped heavily down, while Ercole, in very broken French, expounded difficultly his needs.

"What, man? Not seen her yet?" Jack put his finger on his mouth and glanced sidelong at Ercole. "Oh, bah, 'tis but some Italian mountebank! Did you see anyone?"

"Goulard. He told me again that she bade me go."

"Jack, lad, it is in my mind that may be true."

"Then, 'tis not in mine!" cried Jack. "Lucile—

why, Lucile is a woman."

"What dost mean by that, Frank?"

"Just that she is like a woman." Jack laughed aloud. It was merely absurd to suppose that his love was like a woman. Certainly she was like no woman of earth.

"I tell thee, Frank, I tell thee I will force the house but I will see her."

"And have her scold thee for thy pains—and have us all hang in the market for common ravishers. Jack, Jack, wilt throw all away for a jilt?"

"You say that?" Jack roared, starting up. And then, as Frank sprang up to face him, arose the voice of Ercole.

"Gentleman 'ave not seen her. He knows not, Monsieur Jack." So Ercole, in indifferent English, smiling over his eels. An instant the two stared at him amazed: then sprang on him together, swords out, crying,

"Pest on you for a spy!" Ercole jumped away from his eels, plucked out his two rapiers, and as the steel clashed—

"Gentlemens, gentlemens, tumults!" said he, smiling. "And tumults ver' needless. Nevare you will touch me, gentlemens. For I am Ercole of Bologna. All-so I am your ver' good friend."

The Flemish maid was screaming in the doorway. The gallant host looked over her shoulder. Ercole and his two rapiers played with the rough cut-and-thrust of the Englishmen.

"Gentlemens, see! Nevare will you touch me. For I am Ercole of Bologna. And I tell to Monsieur Jack it is true she is ver' faithful girl. I tell it, I, Ercole of Bologna." They fell away from him, dropping their points. "Ver' good," said Ercole, "I do not wish to fight, gentlemens. I am ver' good friend." And he put up his twin rapiers. "So, Monsieur Jack. To talk. They do not know English those." He nodded to the maid and the landlord. "They are not deceits—like Ercole—ah, Monsieur Jack. Pardon the little deceit."

"What the pest dost want of us?" growled Frank. "I come to help the faithful lovers. I, Ercole of Bologna." He made a magnificent bow.

"Hast come from Mademoiselle Goulard?" cried Jack.

"But no, Monsieur Jack. Or, but yes. Tell then, Mademoiselle, the niece of the Mayor, she have a—a—torrent of her hair black as the cloud of the storm? Yes? Then, Monsieur Jack, she throw kisses at the sea. Kisses, kisses, kisses! I report them to you." And Ercole kissed his hand thrice to Jack, who looked vastly foolish. "So; but why have she bid you to go? Aha! But she 'ave not bid you to go. Her good uncle, he bid you. That dear Mademoiselle, she know not you are here. And that good uncle he threats to whip you if you go not. Aha! Because you are in the way. Because the good uncle he goes to sell her to his Excellency—Governor for the Mos' Christian King—M. le Baron de Mezivier. A bargain so illustrious!"

"Is this true?" Jack growled behind his teeth.

"It is ver' true," said Ercole, and smiled upon him. "I uncover the truth, I, I am Ercole of Bologna. But be joyous, Monsieur Jack. All-so I affront the Governor. All-so I rescue Mademoiselle!"

"For a price, I think?" quoth Frank, with a sneer.

"But certainly," said Ercole unabashed. "For a price. I am soldier of

fortune, I. You buy my valour," he touched his heart. "You buy my wise 'ead," he tapped his forehead. "You buy my little swords," he caressed their hilts. "You buy Ercole of Bologna," he flung out his arms in a magnificent gesture. "For thirty crowns," he put out his hand. The Englishmen broke out laughing. "Aha. The humour. I meant the humour. I all-so 'ave the humour." Ercole laughed happily.

"And if we do not buy Master Ercole and his wise 'ead?" Frank asked. Ercole spread out his hands.

"*Quien sabe?* Who knows?" said he. "Or—gentlemens will sail away all safe and leave Mademoiselle. So gentlemens will be mos' honourable gentlemens. Or—gentlemens will try to abduct Mademoiselle. So gentlemens will be hanged—so as gentlemens 'ave said. In all case Mademoiselle will be 'appy companion of M. le Baron. Ercole sheds for her a tear." He wiped an eye dramatically. "He is not nice, that Baron." He made a grimace. "So gentlemens will now choose." Ercole folded his arms and scowled superbly. The two Englishmen muttered together a moment. Then—

"Ten crowns now, Master Ercole. Twenty when you bring us the lady," said Jack Fortescue.

"Gentlemens are English," quoth Ercole with scornful intent.

"And how will you work?" Ercole looked very cunning.

"No, gentlemen. That will be my little secrets. I will swear (you like it?) by the Mother of God," he crossed himself, "Mademoiselle shall come to you safe. More? No! Ercole works alone. So as the lion of the forest."

Jack, after a moment, told out ten crowns on the table.

"So, then. But if through you she be hurt, Master Ercole, I will kill you, though it mean the gallows and Hell."

"I permit it to you," quoth Ercole superbly, and picked up the crowns. "Gentlemen, 'ave a ship? Yes? Ver' good. Gentlemen, adieu! Sleep sound. Ercole wakes!" He gathered his threadbare cloak about him and stalked forth into the night. They were left to pay for his eels.

The inn of the Gr^{ace} de Dieu had attracted him by the piety of its sign, and having now money in his purse, thither he went for a bed and a bath. It would be painful to tell how long had passed since he was in either. Ercole loved both. In his bath he reflected on the matter. It was all perfectly clear. Master Mayor desired to make profit of his niece's beauty (Ercole, on the evidence of an arm and some curls, allowed her beauty). Some time before Mademoiselle had been so unwise as to fall in love with that wooden Englishman. Well (thought Ercole), better love honest wood than a gilded sepulchre; and therewith got out of his bath. M. le Baron was to possess her on Thursday. Ercole began to wonder how much M. le Baron would give to possess her. Possibly—probably—more than thirty crowns? This new train of thought was attractive. It detained him for some time from his customary *Ave Maria*.

"Virtue is adorable. Yes. Vice possesses the crowns," quoth Ercole as he rose from his knees.

In the morning he went betimes to call on the Mayor.

The admirable Mayor came wiping his mouth into the room where Ercole waited. "A good day, Sir, a good day. How can I serve you?" Ercole rose and stood very solemn.

"Your Worship cannot serve me. I need service of none, I am Ercole of Bologna." He puffed out his chest and laid his hand on his rapier. The Mayor nervously begged his pardon. "It needs not," quoth Ercole with a majestic wave of his hand. "I come to serve you." The Mayor rubbed his hands and said (with no air of great conviction) that the gentleman was very good. Ercole dismissed the suggestion with another wave, and said in his chest voice, "Master Mayor—you have a niece!" The Mayor's face became of a rich orange hue. "Master Mayor, there be certain in this town minded to do you a great wrong." The Mayor's face now resembled a lemon. "Wise men name no names"—the Mayor nervously agreed—"but Master Mayor, but—I say, Sir, but—"

"Yes, Sir, yes?"

"But—last night I supped in the castle. In—the—castle. There was talk of a certain Master Mayor. Of a certain Master Mayor, his fair niece. Master Mayor, there be soldiers in the castle. Shall I say more?"

"Surely, Sir, surely—if your honour will so honour me. For indeed, your honour, I do not understand." Master Mayor wiped his lean mouth and made a deprecating bow.

"Psha! Wise men spare words." Ercole beckoned him closer, and began to hiss in his trembling ear thus: "Some night. After moonset. Soldiers." Then pushed him back. "Dost understand yet?" cried Ercole. The Mayor shook his head in despair. "Then mark me, dullard! I say God in His grace forbid—that by night, after moonset, soldiers should come and steal away thy niece. I say God forbid it! That is all. And I give you good-day!" He began to stalk out. The Mayor plucked his sleeve.

"But, Sir, when, Sir?" he stammered. Ercole looked him up and down.

"Master Mayor, I must needs think of mine own safety," he said solemnly. The Mayor was woe-begone. "But who am I to talk of fear? Ercole of Bologna, fie! Mark, then! There was some strange need to steal her before Thursday. I know not why." The Mayor's face said clearly that he did. On Thursday M. le Baron was to pay. "So, Master Mayor, my counsel is, beware Wednesday night!"

"But how, Sir? What can I do? I am no soldier."

"Bah, chicken-heart!" cried Ercole. "Sure, the town will rise at a word of ravishment. Cry the rights of citizens and honest maids, and let God defend the right! He will!" The Mayor rubbed his chin. He appeared to doubt that; or doubted the fervour of Dunkirk for Pierre-Etienne Goulard.

"I—I would have no fight, Sir. You see—" Ercole's sneer appalled him. "Kind Sir, be not angry!"

"Wilt danger a woman's honour, rascal?" thundered Ercole.

"Oh, no, Sir! Indeed, Sir, no, Sir! But if I were to send her away—"

"How then? By day? 'Tis to give her to the soldiers."

"Oh, no, Sir! By night stealthily." He took Ercole by the button. "Kind Sir, I have stout knaves, my journeymen. Kind Sir, might she not go safely with them this night to my cottage in the country—or some other cottage?" Ercole released himself from the Mayor's hand.

"She might, Master Mayor, doubtless. I know not. I know nothing for those who flinch from danger. Nor tarry with them." And out he flung.

Speedily, as one in a rage, he walked to the end of the street.

Then spat upon the ground (a tribute to the nauseous Mayor), and began to saunter and meditate. "Now the stout knaves, his journeymen, may Our Lady confound!" he muttered. "But Ercole must do it for her. How, Ercole?"

After a while he gave forth a chuckle, turned sharp round, and made for the castle. "After all, Vice possesses the crowns. Madame Virtue, by your kind leave!" said he.

In the outer part of the castle the lieutenant of the guard made trouble about letting Ercole come to the Governor. Ercole was very polite. The lieutenant was not.

"Monsieur wears out his vocabulary. Nevertheless, will cause a little note to come to the Governor." The lieutenant, with oaths, demanded why. "Because Monsieur will be foolish no longer," said Ercole in his best French, and wrote on a tablet in Italian: "Of a lady with black tresses." That only; but soon a lackey came to desire Ercole to follow him.

M. le Baron de Mezivier was ruddy and black-browed. He bent his black brows at Ercole.

"So thou art the fellow that sends me Italian riddles?" he growled.

"Knowing that your Excellency's wit would divine the answer. It is so. I, Ercole of Bologna, am here."

"And if with no good reason, the devil will not save Ercole of Bologna. What is it, sirrah?" Ercole flung up his hands to heaven.

"How shall I describe? In what words? With what gesture? A lady whose hair is black as Erebus, whose eyes are bright as the stars. A lady, in fact, worthy of your Excellency. Mademoiselle Lucile Goulard."

"What of her?"

"But this. She is like to evade the arms of love and your Excellency." The black brows lowered dark. The Baron opened his mouth and repented. Ercole went on smoothly. "Falling, alas, into the ancient embraces of M. le Vicomte de Chalais." Ercole named a seigneur of the district who had an evil fame. "For the which news, Excellency, I pray twenty crowns."

"You lie," quoth the Baron scowling. Ercole shrugged his shoulders. "You lie," quoth the Baron again. Ercole bowed and turned on his heel. "Wait, sirrah. What proof have you?" Ercole laughed.

"Proof? Your Excellency was to wait for her till Thursday. Good. Since I lie, wait!" and he moved to the door.

"You swear this, sirrah?" the Baron growled.

"If it gratifies, Excellency," quoth Ercole, and swore.

"How dost know it?"

"Aha. How do I know she has been twice sold—to M. le Vicomte? As I knew she had been sold once—to M. le Baron. By the grace of chinks. In windows, in doors, understand."

"Spy!"

"What would you?" said Ercole smiling.

The Baron, staring at him, plucked his beard. The matter was provoking. Vastly he desired Mademoiselle and her white neck. He could seize her by force. But that was something too violent. The town was on the border-line, disaffected, a bone of contention ever for France and Spain. A tumult might cost his King, Dunkirk, himself, his head. He longed for the white neck of Mademoiselle; but he loved also his own.

"Hast a plan, knave?" he muttered at last.

"But yes. In fact, that M. le Baron should bestow twenty crowns." And he stopped. The Baron flung them down with an oath. Ercole pouted them, observed there were twenty-two, and smiled. "It is simple, but profound. Let Excellency wait this night with a small company at the back-door of the admirable Mayor. At the set of the moon, Mademoiselle Lucile will come forth on her journey to M. le Vicomte de Chalais. Good. Mademoiselle will finish her journey in the arms of M. le Baron de Mezivier."

"It will raise the town," the Baron grumbled.

"But no. But no. See, Excellency. You take but a pair or two of soldiers. They will not be heeded in the dark of the night. There will be no struggle. Who should struggle? Mademoiselle? In the delightful arms of Excellency? Incredible! Her uncle? That old Mayor? To what end? He was to sell Mademoiselle. She is bought. He will not be difficult, that Mayor. His little plan to sell her twice, it discredits the good Mayor. He will know that we know. And all will be pacific. The Triumph of Love. I create it. I, Ercole of Bologna. Excellency, behold my little tactic." His Excellency beheld the little tactic. If Ercole were lying, Excellency would but spend an hour or two in the open on a summer night. If Ercole were not lying, Excellency would possess Mademoiselle's white neck sooner than he had hoped. Excellency approved the little tactic. But to make sure of Ercole—

"Mark, sirrah, I take thee also," he said.

"But surely. I had promised myself that pleasure. I remain within the castle. I am altogether the servant of Excellency, I." And Ercole bowed before Excellency to the ground.

Then in the courtyard rubbing his hands, "Always Vice has the crowns," quoth Ercole.

Does it surprise you that he spent an hour thereafter kneeling in the castle chapel?

That night, as soon as it was dark, before the moon had risen over Dunkirk, when all pious folk were getting to their several beds, certain men of war came lounging singly down the Ruelle des Ciriers. Some skill they had in self-effacement. For two men waiting on the quay at the end of the alley saw them pass into the shadow of gables and buttresses, and then could see them no longer. These two men stared at each other.

"Pest on the rogue! A trap!" muttered Frank Fortescue.

Jack scratched his head, drew out a scrap of paper, and read it by the light of the rising moon—

"Gentlemen be at end of Ruelle des Ciriers this night. Gentlemen have boat by quay, and ship fit to sail to sea. Gentlemen wait."

Then Jack stared at Frank. "What trap, man? He means to try the house with those fellows."

"I like it not," growled Frank stubbornly. "At least, come nearer the boat!"

"I wait," said Jack. He had, of course, more to wait for.

Meanwhile, within his house, the admirable Mayor sought vainly to explain to his niece why she must go by night with him to his cottage at Lutece among the

dunes. Since the poor girl unreasonably demanded a reason, he ended the debate by flying into a passion.

The moon was risen, and gable and spire stood black and bluff against the silver light. The weird shadow of a weather-cock danced on the stones before the feet of M. le Baron de Mezivier. M. le Baron, heedless, regaled himself with thoughts of Mademoiselle, her beauty. Beside him, Ercole, inspired by the shadow, composed a prayer to the honest cock that crew twice and put St. Peter to shame. And at the end of the Ruelle des Ciriers two hot-headed Englishmen chafed, and by the steps of the Quai des Hollandais, blotted in the shadow, lay a pinnace with an English crew.

So they waited on each other and all on the moon. The rising tide lapped the stones, and a chill, salt wind came stronger and stronger from the dunes driving before it white battalions of cloud. The moon's light came fitfully, and ever fainter, till at last the sky was dull and grey. Then the little back door opened; a line of light broke out. M. le Baron was starting forward, when Ercole's stout arm held him and Ercole whispered—

"Patience, Excellency." Ercole wished to see Mademoiselle, cause of such yearnings and fifty crowns. Two couple of sturdy Flemings came first, a couple closed the rear. Between them, tight-held by the Mayor's hand on her wrist, Mademoiselle. A woman of noble height she was. In the yellow lantern-light Ercole saw the wilful pose of her head and full lips red and fit for passion. Excellency breathed hard at Ercole's elbow. "Now, Excellency," quoth Ercole, and let him go.

Out sprang the Baron, out from corners and doorways started four men more, and fell on Master Mayor's six sturdy journeymen. The lanterns fell cracking, and all was gloom. Master Mayor screamed aloud. Hoarse roars in Flemish arose. Then cudgel met sword dully. Windows broke open, and good, honest citizens in night-caps screamed threats on ravishers, but came not down to fight.

Tumultuous was the fight. Six to six—omit Master Mayor—it was, and cudgel to sword, and Ercole with his two rapiers flaming in the thick of it. At the end of the street the Fortescues fumed—dared not join the affray, dared not stand aloof. But Ercole had broken through to Mademoiselle Lucile. At the touch of his steel, Master Mayor let her go and yelled. Ercole haled her away by the arm roughly, and cried in French—

"To the castle! To the castle!" And Excellency and his men, laughing, formed behind and fought a rearguard action that Ercole might escape with his prey. So "To the castle!" cried Ercole. But at that Lucile struggled fiercely, and he must needs catch her and crush her in his mighty arms. She could but gasp and scream for aid as he ran with her down to the quay, and still, for the ears of Excellency, he cried, "To the castle. To the castle!"

But now the Fortescues had no more doubt of him, and they charged, swords out, roaring in English "Knaves! Free her! Curse rogue!" and other matters. Ercole checked, swung sideways to be between those mad swords and Lucile. He set her down, and Frank, rushing on, stabbed his side. Ercole brushed Jack's point away with his open hand and staggered back bleeding.

"Little errors, gentlemen," he panted.

Lucile, with a wild cry, "Jean! 'Tis thou!" had fallen into Jack's arms, and clumsily Jack picked her up and ran off. Clumsily: he had less experience than Ercole. Ercole leant against the wall, holding his side together, and watched them. Then turned, smiling to his own blood.

"Alas! A slow wit. I forgot," he said quietly to his wound. "By your leave, good wound!" and he drew his rapiers again. For the Baron had heard the cries and seen, and came rushing, roaring, "Pursue! Pursue! On, coward on!" Ercole stepped across the alley.

"But no, Excellency; but no!" said he, and engaged. Soldiers and Flemings came rushing on him pell-mell: he was a common foe. But the twin points flickered across the alley, and the Baron flung up his arms to the grey heaven, and another fell coughing on the left rapier ere Ercole was borne down by the charge, and over his body they rushed to the quay.

The pinnace was pulling lustily across the harbour. They cursed it, they shot at it with pistols, and a "Hurrah!" rolled back over the grey water. Master Mayor wrung his hands and demanded a cannon. In the pinnace Lucile was sobbing for fear and joy in her lover's arms. Her lover mingled words of love and curses on Ercole and thanks to God for all. And Frank Fortescue, finding a sympathetic and kindred mind, told the Devon coxswain how they had paid the foul Italian rogue.

The foul Italian rogue shivered, and found it hard to draw breath. He tried to lift a leg and could not. "So. It happens then. Shouldst know—English—are slow—Ercole," said he. Then painfully began to mutter a Latin hymn—

"Jam solis excelsum jubar
Toto coruscet lumine
Sinusque pandens aureos
Ignita vibrat spicula."

It is a hymn to the morning.

And now, friends in their common loss, thirsty for blood and vengeance, soldiers and Flemings came back to the Italian rogue. Ercole heard Master Mayor loud in explanations putting all the blame on Ercole's traitorous dealings. So they came and stood over Ercole and cursed him while Ercole smiled at them.

"Doth he live?" panted Master Mayor, breathless with execration. "Good! The torture for the villain, speed, speed!" With a roar of assent they picked up Ercole roughly and stumbled off.

"Ah, villain, villain! shalt pay thy lies under the irons," cried the Mayor, and shook his thin fist over Ercole's clouding eyes.

"Grieve—to disappoint—your Worship," Ercole gasped. But—I hurry—to go—upstairs." And Ercole crossed himself and went. Upstairs?

THE END.

AN EXAMPLE TO ENGLAND—THE FOREST SCHOOL: A GERMAN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT FOR DELICATE TOWN CHILDREN.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

PUPILS COOKING THEIR DINNER IN THE FOREST.



A SINGING LESSON IN THE FOREST SCHOOL NEAR CHARLOTTENBURG.

The Berlin educational and medical authorities have organised a wonderful forest school for city children from the crowded districts of Berlin and Charlottenburg. In a wide clearing 150 children pursue the ordinary routine of school, delightfully varied by nature-study at first hand. The hours of work are short, and fresh air and exercise are given a supreme importance. The children cook their own dinner at a camp-fire, and their desks and seats and shelter-sheds were made from the timber felled to form the clearing. At one o'clock they must all take an hour's sleep, for which each child is provided with a blanket and a deck-chair.

CAN RADIUM PRODUCE LIFE IN DEAD MATTER? THE RECENT

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MR. J. BUTLER BURKE,

Mr. J. B. Burke.



THE METHOD AND MATERIAL OF THE EXPERIMENTS THAT PRODUCED APPARENTLY LIVING BODIES IN STERILISED BOUILLON.

These investigations, which may lead to a complete revolution in biology, were conducted with the simplest apparatus: a few test-tubes containing a solution of sterilised beef. These, which are shown in the three circular diagrams (taken from micro-photographs magnified about 1000 diameters), exhibit certain characteristics of life. They grow, they have fifty years ago, but if they were crystals they would present under the polariscope the whorl forms figured above. It should be noted also that Mr. Burke's "radiobes" have

On another page the experiments, which are still in their

WONDERFUL EXPERIMENTS AT THE CAVENDISH LABORATORY, CAMBRIDGE.

WHO CONDUCTED THE EXPERIMENTS; PORTRAIT BY STEARN.



THE NEWLY DISCOVERED BODIES (CIRCLES A, B, C) DISTINGUISHED FROM RAINEY'S CRYSTALS.

gelatine exposed to the action of radium by the process described above. After one and a half days, the time varying with the intensity of the radium, spots appear in the bouillon. apparent nuclei, they throw off similar bodies to pursue a separate existence. It was pointed out that they resembled Rainey's crystals of carbonate of lime, described about 50 years ago but forget the enormous difference in size. Some of these crystals are here drawn to same scale as the diagrams of Mr. Burke's discovery. Mr Rainey's crystals were soluble in water. initial stage, are discussed at greater length.

A BUDGET OF BOOK NOTICES.

REVIEWERS' NOTES.

BIOGRAPHIES of living persons, especially politicians and actors, are apt to be overdone to the point of adulation. It is to Mr. Alderson's credit that he has avoided this excess. There is nothing in his "Mr. Asquith" (Methuen) which will not be admitted by Mr. Asquith's strongest opponent. The statesman who was the best Home Secretary of our time is sure of his niche among our public men. Mr. Asquith has the advantage of exciting no personal animosities. He is listened to in the House with great pleasure. There are never any violent interruptions when he is speaking. He is accepted less as a man than as an intellectual force. This, on the other hand, explains why he appeals so little to the popular imagination. He is much the ablest man on the Front Opposition Bench, but it cannot be said that he inspires his party. He gives them argument, but he does not give them emotion. He is not picturesque. The caricaturist can do nothing with him. He is never in the public eye. "A first-rate administrator, he is not a leader of men; or, if he does lead them, they are unconscious of the leading." Mr. Alderson gives a very useful sketch of Mr. Asquith's labours at the Home Office, of which we seldom hear anything now, although they made a considerable stir at the time. When the Irish Nationalists thought they were going to squeeze from the Home Secretary of a Home Rule Ministry a pardon for dynamiters, they soon found they had mistaken their man. "Persons who resort to this mode of warfare against Society, who use dynamite as their instrument, who proceed in their methods with reckless disregard of life and the safety of the weak, the innocent, and the helpless, are persons who deserve and will receive no consideration or indulgence from any British Government." There was a foolish outcry when the Featherstone mob was dispersed by the military. People who think that strikers have a right to destroy property, and bludgeon its defenders, denounced Mr. Asquith as a "murderer" when the soldiers fired on the rioters. "There is one thing," he said, "which neither I nor any other Liberal Minister worthy of the name will ever tolerate: the rise of disorder, of lawlessness, or of riot, either upon one side or the other." This cooled a good deal of misplaced democratic ardour. It is safe to say that the Home Office has never had a chief who combined so strong a sense of the politic use of force with so keen and unremitting a regard for the real interests of the labouring classes. As an Imperialist, Mr. Asquith has steadfastly set his face against the impulsive Radicalism which imagines that the obligations of the Empire are incompatible with the needs of the people in our own island. Mr. Asquith's robust intellect is not to be misled by that fallacy. Mr. Alderson gives a pleasant account of the politician's early days. "He was rather a serious-minded youth, but he had high aspirations." Why "but"?

In "The Fight with France for North America" (Constable), Mr. Bradley justly says that the history of the war which drove the French out of North America is very imperfectly remembered. It is overshadowed, no doubt, by the American War of Independence; for less than twenty years after Wolfe's crowning victory on the Plains of Abraham many of the colonists who had taken up arms against the French were fighting against King George, and wresting from the British Crown an even greater dominion than Wolfe had added to it. Francis Parkman's admirable history, as Mr. Bradley complains, is almost unknown in this country, and our most vivid memories of Washington's early life, and of Braddock's disastrous campaign, we owe to Thackeray's "Virginians," which Mr. Bradley does not seem to have read. His view of Braddock, by the way, differs from the accepted view. He thinks that unfortunate officer has been hardly treated by the historians, though he is not able to produce anything very substantial in Braddock's defence. The fact remains that the expedition was organised by a General who knew nothing about the conditions of warfare in the forest primeval, and was not willing to take orders from the colonials. Braddock was a brave man, but Mr. Bradley cannot redeem his reputation from the reproach of rashness. The historian contends that the "misleading hexameters" of Longfellow's "Evangeline" have given the world a wrong impression of the policy which expelled the people of Acadia from their homes. He says it was an evil necessity; but his case will not bring peace of mind to any reader who is still distressed by the story. For the rest, Mr. Bradley gives us a vigorous and lucid narrative, full of bustling incident and picturesque detail.

Miss Dodd's book, "A Vagrant Englishwoman" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) is minutely concerned for the most part with life at a boarding-house in a German University town. Three of the boarders figure as the Cynic, the Boy, and the Poet, and the vagrant Englishwoman is always called the Englishwoman. The effect of these incessantly recurrent names is narcotic. Unfortunately there is but a scanty interest in any of the gentlemen, and one wishes that the Englishwoman, who is a keen observer, had found less monotonous persons to observe. The Cynic professes a great contempt for women who seek to be educated above the level of the German housewife. It is a definite point of view; but it has neither novelty nor charm. The book brightens when the Englishwoman quits this atmosphere for a space, and wanders in Hungary and Servia. Enthusiastic young

Hungarians assure her that the English are the salt of the earth. "You have no need to learn other tongues; you are English, that is enough." England, they said, was "a great nation, an ideal nation, a nation that could do no wrong, always wise, always just, always perfect." This was embarrassing; but in Servia the Englishwoman met a school-teacher who had another view of the English. This lady had refused nineteen noblemen, and devoted herself to the cause of education. The English nobility, she said, needed education badly. "Why do you not start a school for the education of your English nobility?" On a Danube steamer the Englishwoman saw a Turk travelling with his wives, who were secluded in a curious bundle of sacking. "Universal sacks or universal suffrage," she reflected, "were the only consistent solutions of the woman problem, and the Turk was at least consistent." We should not award either the sack or the suffrage to Miss Dodd; but her position will be better defined when she has written a book that does more justice than this to her gift of observation.

A welcome change from the orthodox book on big-game shooting is "Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle" (John Lane). The author has spent thirteen years in the East, and, as an officer in the Indian Army, his lines have been cast often in out-of-the-way cantonments whence shooting could be enjoyed by him who is willing to work for it and can dispense with the luxuries of camp-life. Captain Glasford is a sportsman of the best type: his pleasure lies less in killing than in the preliminaries, fascinating to them who love the study of wild life, of tracking and marking down the quarry—in woodcraft, to put it briefly. That he has turned his opportunities to good account is made manifest in those chapters which, like "The Biography of a Tiger," display his intimacy with the life habits and peculiarities of game; these could only have been written by one who possesses the instincts and tastes of a naturalist and trained gifts of observation. His shooting anecdotes are varied by excursions into the realm of the supernatural; and decidedly eerie these are. More especially does the Doctor's story of ghost and tiger combined remain in memory. It is unusual to find such fanciful tales in a work of this description, but they serve a purpose in accentuating the jungle atmosphere which is a distinguishing, and most pleasing, characteristic of Captain Glasford's book. Those who seek exciting adventures with tiger, leopard, and bison will not be disappointed: and while the author refrains from laying down the law, beginners, and other than beginners, may pick up many valuable hints from his pages. His drawings may be lacking in artistic qualities, but they have the supreme merit of accuracy. The photographs, for the most part, are excellent.

In "Animals I have Known," by Arthur H. Beavan (Fisher Unwin), the subjects, whether wild or tame, are tolerably familiar to everyone, and it cannot be said that the terms of his acquaintance with the less accessible species—badger, otter, wild cat, and seal—have been sufficiently intimate to yield any new light upon their habits. If there is nothing in the ten chapters on British animals to justify the devotion of so much space to them, the remaining seven do something to atone; for Mr. Beavan has travelled, and his remarks on the wild creatures he has encountered in Peru, Brazil, and Australasia are interesting and instructive. Little of a popular nature has been written on the lives and habits of such animals as the alpaca, the chinchilla, Brazilian tapir, or, to turn to Australia, the wombat, koala, and opossum. Mr. Beavan has at least a bowing acquaintance with these, and with some—the alpaca, for instance—he has been brought into closer contact than falls to the lot of most Europeans. It is to be regretted that he did not omit his somewhat prolix observations on horses, cats, and dogs, to treat at greater length of the creatures whose names are as familiar to us as their habits are strange.

It cannot be an easy thing nowadays to write detective stories with anything approaching to an original flavour in them, therefore all honour to Mr. Fletcher Robinson, who has made a lively volume out of "The Chronicles of Addington Peace" (Harper). It is satisfactory to find the "tiny slip" of a detective a member of the force, for the infallible amateur has had his own way too long. There are eight capital stories in this book, not all quite cheering to read late at night in a lonely house, but all, without exception, a genuine pleasure to the seeker after literary workmanship. Approved craft, of another sample, is to be found in "The Rose Brocade" (Nash), by Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny, which is a swinging patch-and-powder novel, well garnished with eighteenth-century accessories.

For the past three centuries the violin has not changed its form, but the history of its parents and grandparents makes pleasant reading, and Miss Olga Ræster has much to say that will interest in "Chats on Violins" (T. Werner Laurie). She writes with knowledge and with a certain happy appreciation of musical tradition, and the book may be recommended to all lovers of the violin. At the same time, we could have dispensed with the chapter devoted to the manner of preserving and playing the violin. An interesting appendix is devoted to anecdotes of Paganini.

A QUARTET OF MUSIC BOOKS.

IN "Makers of Song" (Hutchinson), Anna Alice Chapin has written a very charming book. She recalls for us all manner of dead singers: Adam le Bossu, the Hunchback of Arras; John of Fornsete, who enriched English music with the exquisite "Sumer is icumen in"; Thibault of Navarre, Maître Guédron, Alessandro Stradella, Henry Purcell, and many others. Here is no dry-as-dust record of laborious hours, but a very human narrative of lives that have left their mark upon modern music. It was a happy thought to write such a book, and a considerable accomplishment to have written it so well. The most of these dead makers of song sang when the world was young and many fields of musical achievement were yet unexplored. To them song came as a new force in the world; they moved delicately and wrought sincerely, and so they roused the wonder of their contemporaries and gained the love of generations yet unborn. Their records are accessible to the scholar and the student, but they have rarely been presented in the popular form that makes for a wide appreciation. Many of these singers had, as Fauriel says of Bernhart le Chanteur, "a fine ear, a sweet voice, a lively and delicate imagination." In brief, they were inspired, and inspiration ever has some quality of immortality. We may turn with no little pleasure from the complexity and subtlety of latter-day music to the records of these earlier times. Modern music may be likened to a great river on whose broad bosom many rare and strange vessels are hastening towards great depths we cannot scan. When we turn to the work of the early masters of song we move towards the source of the river through a country well-nigh deserted, but full of half-forgotten beauty. Miss Chapin is a trustworthy guide, even though at times her descriptions would be the better for less exuberance and more restraint.

Mr. Walter Macfarren is among the veterans; he has given a long and strenuous life to the service of music, and we are pleased to welcome his autobiography, published with the title of "Memories" (Walter Scott Publishing Company). The book cannot be judged kindly from a literary standpoint, for style is conspicuous by its absence; but the memories are pleasant ones, and will appeal to the many friends of Mr. Macfarren and his brother. The life described has been simple and pleasant, and the writer seems to have preserved the kindest possible memories of all the eminent musicians he has met. His volume is illustrated, and the autographs of many famous singers and composers are reproduced. "Memories" will appeal most to those who have studied under Mr. Macfarren or have known his contributions to contemporary music and his interesting addresses upon musical subjects.

Dr. Joseph Joachim has been added to the gallery of "Living Masters of Music." This excellent series comes from the Bodley Head, where Mr. John Lane has enlarged his choir of songsters, and the praise of the master violinist is entrusted to the safe hands and shrewd head of Mr. Fuller Maitland. Holding as we do that Joachim stands unapproached and unapproachable, that the world of music is his debtor, and that his fame rests on the rocks of time rather than the sands that suffice so many of his contemporaries, we find the splendid restrained tribute of Mr. Maitland particularly welcome. Praise must be thoroughly sound and discriminating to be worthy of the violinist who is part of Europe's musical life, and the veteran critic has done something to illumine his subject as well as to exalt it. The origin of the parrot-cry that charges Joachim with playing out of tune is explained. This little sketch of a great life, admirably printed and produced, may well serve in place of the more expensive biographies that can hardly be written with more sincerity of purpose or ripeness of judgment.

We are ready and willing to listen to our American cousins when they talk or write about business and science; from time to time they give us writing that bears some relation to literature; but when the question turns to music we really begin to doubt whether they have much to say that is worth hearing. A dull and solemn work, with the pretentious title "The Art of the Musician" (Macmillan), lies before us as we write, and seems to justify our belief that art in America is an exotic. Mr. Henry G. Hanchett has little to tell that has not been told before; he spells his words in fashion calculated to make the average Briton believe that his education had been neglected, and prints an example of an American discovery that enjoys the chaste title of "rag-time" on the same page as an extract from a Beethoven sonata. We might remark here that "rag-time" seems to be founded upon syncope, run wild. Among the few contributions to original thought that we find in Mr. Henry G. Hanchett's book is a suggestion that the Sonata first movement should in future be called a "Mozarta." We can only remark, "Amazing!" No, we must record our protest against forcible-feeble works like "The Art of the Musician." They teach us nothing; they say much that can do no more than raise a smile; their suggestions are trivial, and if they stand for American musical development in the highest, our case against musical art in America would be proved to the hilt, even if John Philip Sousa and his band had never invaded these peaceful shores.

THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE IN GREAT BRITAIN.



MR. WHITELAW REID SPEAKING AT THE PILGRIMS' PANQUET AT CLARIDGE'S, JUNE 23

The Pilgrims' Club, which exists for the purpose of giving the new American Ambassador his best opportunity since its foundation in welcoming the new American Ambassador, Lord Roberts took the chair, and presided over the gathering. The Leader of the Opposition, Sir Frederick Pollack, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Alton of Liverpool, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. H. B. Stewart, and Mr. W. H. St. John were at the chairman's table. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Ambassador of the United States, was the guest of honor.



WAITING FOR THEIR LOST MASTERS.

DRAWN BY CECIL ALDIN.

The drawing was made at the Home for Lost Dogs at Battersea, that excellent institution which restores so many stray dogs to their homes, or, failing that, finds them good masters and mistresses.

PRINCE EDWARD'S ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CHILDREN.

PORTRAITS BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.; DRAWINGS BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



THE SECURITY FOR THE SUCCESSION: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CHILDREN AND THEIR COUNTRY HOMES.

June 23 was Prince Edward's eleventh birthday, and he celebrated the event by captaining his first cricket-match. The teams were chosen from Eton College, and Prince Edward was opposed by his brother, Prince Albert. The King and Queen watched the game on the new cricket-ground at Windsor. Prince Edward made 17 and carried his bat.



A JOYOUS JAPANESE FUNERAL: SOLDIERS DRESSED AS SAMURAI AT THE REJOICINGS IN HONOUR OF THE FALLEN.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT.

This procession, celebrated after one of the victories in Manchuria, reproduces the costumes of the Samurai, the famous two-handed swordsmen of Japan. It must not be supposed that the Japanese troops encumbered their baggage with ancient armour for this masquerade. The most businesslike War Office in the world would not have permitted that; but the soldiers improvised them from any material they could find, and thus assumed the semblance of their ancestral champions. The celebrations were joyful, for the lot of the fallen hero is accounted most enviable.

ROMANTIC NORTHERN ENGLAND: PICTURESQUE HOLIDAY HAUNTS



1. BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.



2. WHITBY ABBEY.

3. BARNARD CASTLE.

4. THE MARMION ARCH AT NORHAM CASTLE.

(SEE "THE WORLD'S NEWS.")



1. THE FIGURE-HEAD ON NELSON'S FUNERAL-CAR (20 GUINEAS).
2. GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO NELSON IN COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF THE NILE (96 GUINEAS).

3. SILVER SHOE-BUCKLE WITH FOUR GARNETS (27 GUINEAS).
4. LORD NELSON'S HAIR (125 AND 70 GUINEAS).
5. THE UNION JACK THAT COVERED THE COFFIN OF NELSON (74 GUINEAS).

NELSON RELICS UNDER THE HAMMER: THE RIVERS COLLECTION AT FOSTER'S GALLERY.

The collection of Nelson relics from which these examples were taken was made by Lieutenant William Rivers, who was Nelson's aide-de-camp at Trafalgar. 125 guineas was given by Mr. Montagu for a lock of the Admiral's hair and the bullion cut from his epaulette by the French musket-ball. The same purchaser bid 70 guineas for another lock of hair sent by Lady Hamilton to the Prince of Wales, who gave it to Lord Nelson's daughter.



THE ROYAL RACE-MEETING PAR EXCELLENCE: THE KING'S PROCESSION ON ITS WAY TO ASCOT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS.

The King's visit to Ascot on Cup Day was favoured by much finer weather than his Majesty's first visit this year. The King was accompanied by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Victoria. The King's carriage was preceded by two outriders in scarlet, and seven other carriages made up the procession from Windsor.

LATEST FROM THE ANTARCTIC: SCENES OF THE CHARCOT EXPEDITION.

DRAWINGS AND BORDER BY MELTON PRIOR FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY M. CHARCOT, SUPPLIED BY THE PHOTO-NOUVELLES AGENCY.



1. THE LARDER OF THE EXPEDITION: SNOW HUTS CONTAINING THE EXPEDITION'S SUPPLY OF SEAL AND PENGUIN MEAT.

2. THE SHIP OF THE CHARCOT EXPEDITION: THE "FRANÇAIS" FROZEN-IN DURING THE WINTER OF 1904.

M. Charcot, who sailed to the Antarctic on the "Français," was for a time supposed to be lost, and a search-expedition went after him without success. Soon after its failure, however, the explorer and his party reached a South American port safely. He has now returned to France with many valuable observations.

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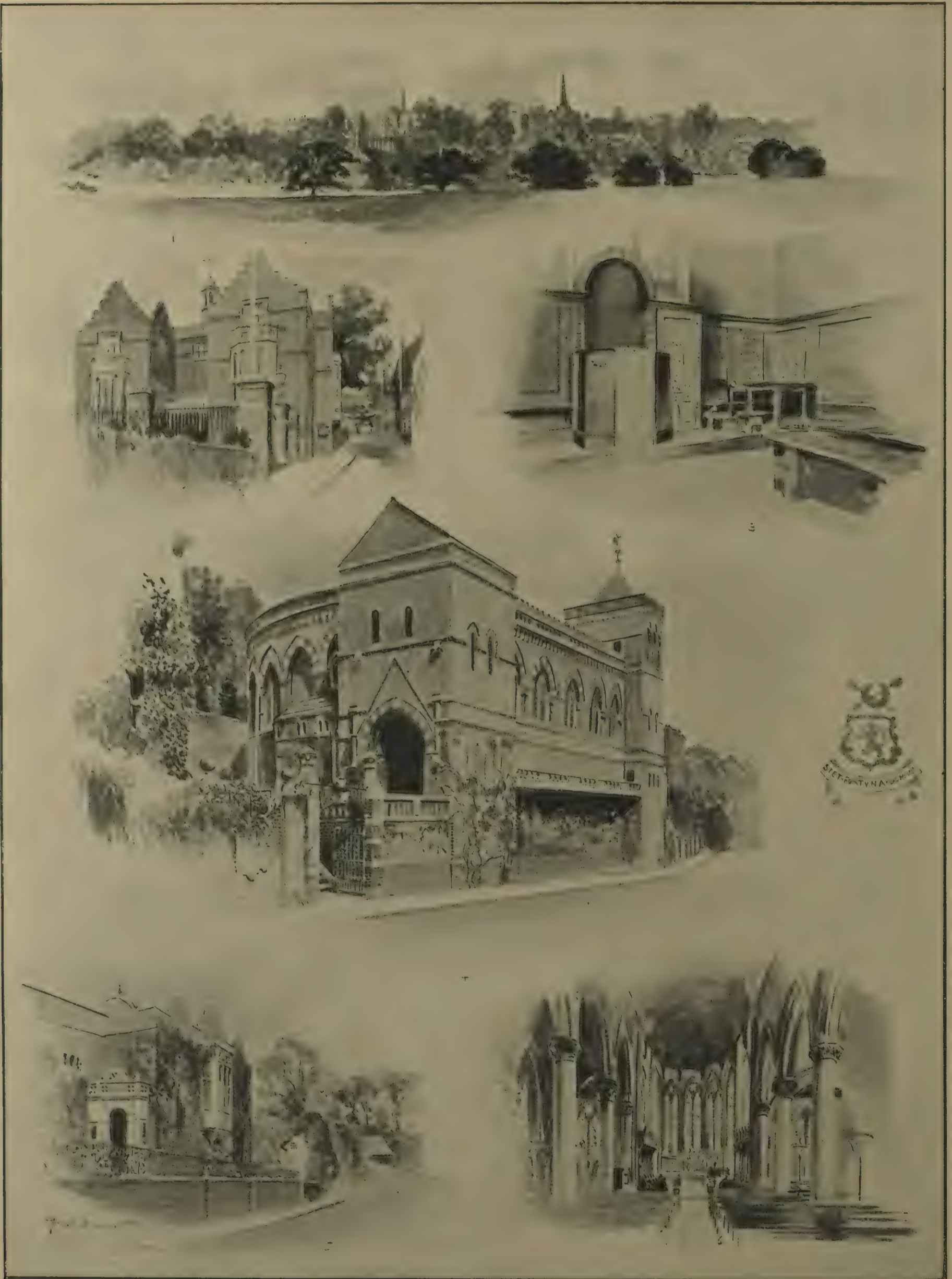
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A ROYAL SPEECH-DAY AT HARROW: SCENES THE KING WILL VISIT ON JUNE 30.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



1. HARROW, FROM NEAR "DUCKER" (THE SWIMMING-BATH).

2. THE OLD SCHOOL.

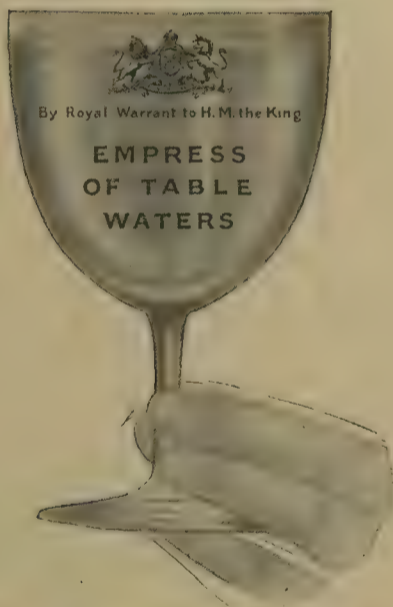
3. A CORNER OF THE FOURTH FORM ROOM.

4. THE SPEECH-ROOM, WITH THE GATE WHERE THE KING WILL BE RECEIVED.

5. THE ART SCHOOL.

6. THE CHAPEL (INTERIOR).

The King and Queen have consented to visit Harrow on the forthcoming Speech-day, and will open the new grounds which have been acquired for the school.



ROSBACH

LADIES' PAGES.

The "lions of the season" this week are Prince and Princess Arisugawa, the King's guests from Japan. After visiting Berlin to represent the Mikado at the Crown Prince's wedding, their Royal Highnesses have come to this country at King Edward's invitation. They are staying at York House, and are provided, as is usual in the case of royal guests, with the attendance of gentlemen appointed by the King. I had the pleasure of meeting the Prince and Princess at the garden-party given in their honour at the Royal Botanic Gardens by the Japan Society. There was a brilliant gathering, and the Prince and Princess, who are both persons of much natural distinction, seemed quite at home in it. London society is competing for the company of this royal couple. How strange it is to remember that within their lifetime it was a criminal offence for Japanese subjects to leave their own land, and no foreigners were admitted to visit them at home! The Marquess Ito himself, the leading statesman of Japan to-day, was one of those who fled secretly from his home and worked his way as a sailor across the ocean to see the wonders of other lands. And now the representatives of Japan mingle freely and gracefully in the highest circles of Europe, and all the world is wondering at the national ability.

Everything Japanese is just now in high favour. We all know how true it is that "nothing succeeds like success," and perhaps, if our little allies had not been so wonderfully and unfailingly successful, there would not be the same enthusiasm for them; but, as it is, Japanese decorations are the height of fashion for evening parties, flowers are arranged for parties on mantelshelves and dinner-tables in the Japanese way, the kimono shape is very popular for mantles, tea-gowns, and dressing-jackets, and I have just been the fortunate recipient of a charming *en-tou-cas* in the Japanese colours—a dark green on a fawn ground. The Japanese method of flower arrangement is to place very few blossoms together, or even one stem alone, so as to allow the value of each bloom to be realised to the utmost. The process is facilitated by having a framework of bent wire laid inside the vase, in which the stems are supported under the water, not needing to lean one against the other at all, but allowing each blossom to be seen in its completeness apart from a neighbour. This love of tasting pleasure in detail is not confined to flowers; the perfect finish put into all their artistic work, even the least costly, has always been the admiration of careful observers. In fact, it seems that the secret of Japanese success is attention to detail. On their walls they hang one picture at a time, and after a few weeks they put away that one and replace it with something fresh; one flower-vase alone is usually seen in a room; and, if they have ever so large a collection of artistic treasures in the home, they will only display one or two of these for the visitor's admiration at one visit. Even



A GARDEN-PARTY DRESS.

Spotted muslin is here expressed in a number of tiny frills, each edged with lace; silk belt and bows finish the design.

the children's toys of each kind are given to them to play with at set seasons, and are wrapped up and put away after the time for that particular game is considered past. March, for instance, is "the Dolls' Month." It is the same attention to detail, the same care for perfection in trifles, that has made their organisation for war the admiration and wonder of the world of late.

They afford a striking proof that gentleness and courtesy are not synonymous with weakness and incapacity for exercising warlike courage. All travellers who went amongst them before the war were chiefly impressed by the gaiety, the politeness, and the extreme gentleness of the Japanese as a nation. Those Japanese young men and women who went to foreign lands to study earned the same reputation individually. An amusing account of Admiral Togo as a young man when he came to England in "the 'seventies" to study for the Navy has been published by a gentleman who was with the same tutors as he was, and who helped him to learn English—for Togo, when he first arrived here, could only say "Yes" and "Thank you"—a characteristically Japanese choice of first words in a foreign tongue! He was courtesy and gentleness personified; indeed, the parlourmaid expressed the opinion that "Mr. Togo quite annoys himself with politeness." In the nation's homes ceremonial politeness of speech and manner hold a high place. Residents say that there is no "servant trouble" in that happy land; the domestics are very civilly treated and are all respectful and devoted to their duty. Children are carefully taught "their manners." A crying child is almost unknown, and the language actually has no imperative mood; rulers of every description, domestic or governmental, can only request—nevertheless, obedience and subordination are inculcated as seriously as religious duties, and are carried out almost in extreme degree, both in the household and out of it. Sir Edwin Arnold calls Japan "the land of gentle manners"; and this almost verbally repeats the saying of the first European writer on Japan, Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, who just six hundred years ago called Japan "the land of great gentleness." Is it not worth while for women, "the gentler sex," to point out that here is a proof that the beautiful quality of gentleness in temper and manners does not mean weakness, or even lack of power of self-defence when required? The Japanese women are very patriotic; like the Spartan women, they say to their men—"Return with your shield, or on your shield." There is a record of an aged mother, whose only son hesitated to go to the war because he knew that she needed his services, who killed herself one night, leaving a letter saying that "poor old mother" had ended her life so that her son's heart should be no longer divided, and that he might go to the war "to offer up himself for the nation, as his



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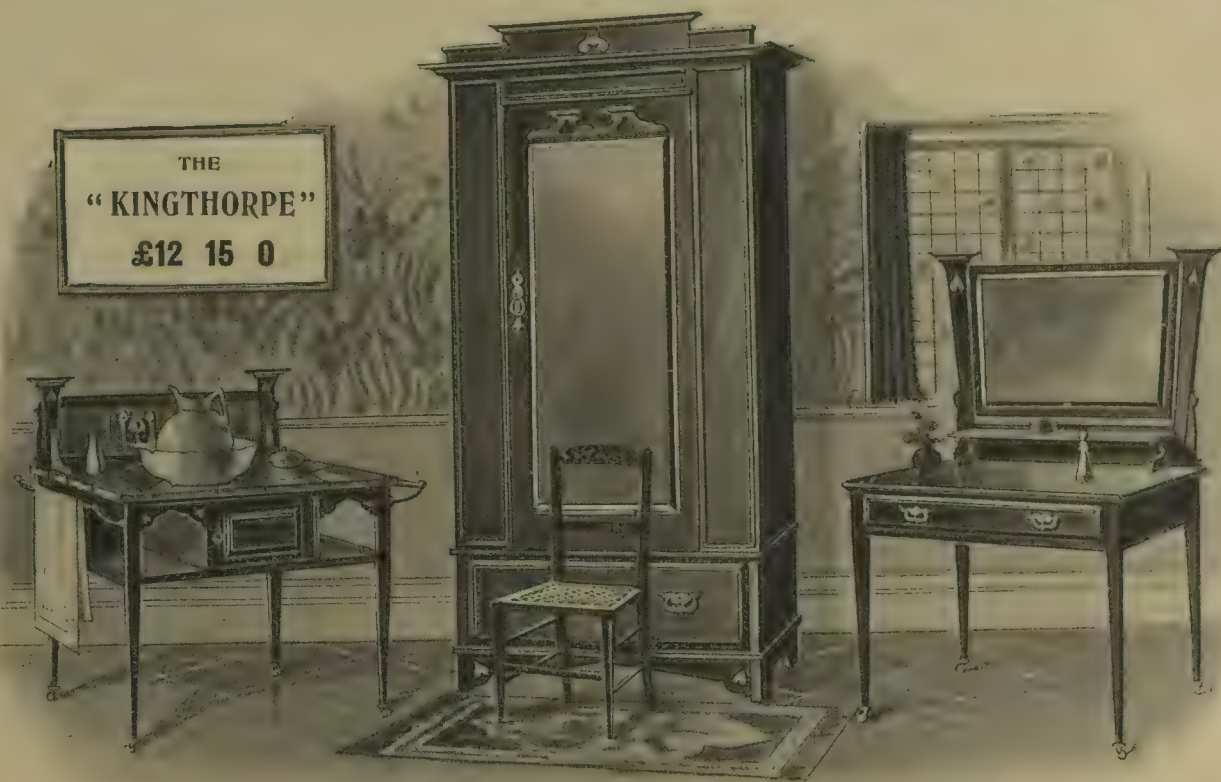
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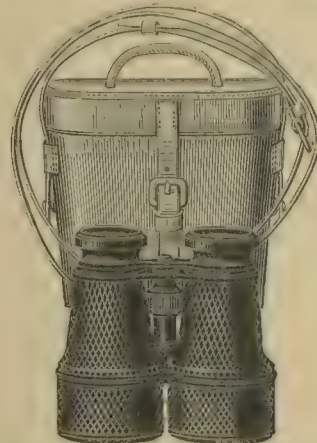
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ancestors had done." The crowning sacrifice that a Japanese woman can make is to cut off her hair; and to build a new temple they have recently given up their tresses in such numbers that the ropes spun from them weigh two tons.

Interesting visitors to London have been the members of the "Canadian Manufacturers' Association," most of whom were accompanied by their wives. The Canadian ladies are beautifully gowned, and have all the brightness and courtesy of manner and the keen interest in everything that they see of their near neighbours, the Americans, with the additional charm that they naturally have for us, their warm claim to be of our own nationality. "It is our *mother* country!" they say fervently; and they have been carrying out the dream of their lives in visiting the land of their ancestors, and of their present King. They were charmed by the Queen and her informal grace and hospitality at the reception given to them at Windsor. Many most unusual expeditions have been arranged for the party; some of them were invited, for instance, to visit Mrs. G. F. Watts, to see the great artist's Surrey home and his pictures now there; and then Mrs. Watts had them taken into the little church, that was decorated in fresco most beautifully by the ordinary village lads, from Mr. Watts's designs and under her own superintendence. Several of the Canadians went to the Harrow School celebration, where they saw the King and Queen again. Canadians are, as a rule, very loyal; but these dear ladies will assuredly go home more attached to Old England and the English connection than even before.

How it makes one realise that the end of the season is at hand when the sale-catalogues begin to flutter into the letter-box! Here are those of the great house of Messrs. Peter Robinson. The sale begins on Monday, July 3, and, as usual, continues all through the month. At the great Oxford Circus establishment there are many descriptions of goods that are used in the household, besides dress in all its forms for man, woman, and child; there are curtains, and cushions, and house-linens, and portmanteaux, and fancy articles of many kinds. However, the dress bargains alone will suffice to draw crowds during the month. There are many wonderful "robes" and blouses and costumes, including the most fashionable coloured or black chiffon taffetas, reduced from ten pounds to five guineas, and charming evening designs in various materials, completely made and trimmed at the same low price. The useful light face-cloth coats, that are invaluable for a restaurant dinner or for the theatre, are offered at reduced prices in numbers; and there are some very light-weight mantles of silk and lace, specially prepared for elderly ladies' wear, which begin in price at a little less than thirty shillings. The fashionable black taffetas coats, part of a



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Paris manufacturer's stock, are available at less than half the original price. In every department the like reductions are made, as so big a business is obliged to get rid at the end of each season of the accumulated stock, in order to make room for the new goods, and those who purchase now what they require reap the benefit. The Regent Street house of Peter Robinson's firm has its quite distinct stock, and here, too, the sale bargains will be obtainable all through July. Black is a speciality here, and some remarkable bargains will be found at 256-264, Regent Street. A special purchase has been made of several lots of Bonnet's sample pieces of silk, which are to be offered at one-third the usual prices; and there are black voile and silk dresses and separate skirts at quite surprising prices. It must not be supposed, though, that only black is to be had here; quite the contrary—frocks and coats in all colours, an extensive stock of ladies' outfitting, millinery, and every sort of dress fabric and constructed garment are all here in excellent taste and great variety, and many at surprisingly low sale prices.

The river is the Mecca of many devotees as soon as the hot weather fairly sets in, and every Thames village is filled with enthusiastic punters and scullers, who declare that in their athletics is happiness found; while damsels of a different way of thinking are content to lounge and be poled or pulled about by their stalwart sisters. The style of dress for the two orders of girls is naturally somewhat different. The active worker cannot improve upon blue serge for her skirt and loose coat, the latter to be taken off while working, to show underneath a thin jersey, which is the ideal blouse for exercise. These are to be procured in many colours and varying shapes, and their elasticity and the protective character of the wool material make them quite what is needed for active exercise. Flannel has the like recommendations. The idle passenger has before her for choice all the dainty muslins of the hour, but thin white serge with coloured belt and tie is a good protection against a sudden change of temperature, such as the river often causes.

As there is ever some drawback to human felicity, one must be expected on the river, and it comes in the shape of the mosquito, seeking whom he may devour. A good remedy for a bad sting is a little Izal cream; a small tube of this can be carried easily, and it will at once allay irritation, and probably prevent any unsightly result. Izal is a comparatively new discovery of remarkable power as a "germicide," and a bottle of the disinfectant, Izal Fluid, is a desirable addition to the arsenal of the traveller, who is very likely to get to places where health conditions may not be all that would be desired. A shilling bottle makes no less than twenty gallons of efficient disinfectant, or some of the powder is equally useful against "microbes" and abolishes any unpleasant odours. The soap specially made for toilet use is beneficial for the skin, and helps to keep off both insect-bites and more serious infections.—FILomena.

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MUSIC.

GRAND OPERA.

Owing to the postponement of Leoni's new opera, the most important event at Covent Garden last week was the revival of Gluck's "Orfeo," of which the Italian version was given, although it was sung in French. This once favourite opera bears the burden of its age very lightly; indeed, the beauty of the music and the delicacy of the orchestration helped the stage pictures to create an atmosphere that seemed entirely novel. Gluck released opera from conventions that hindered its development; and, all things considered,

demands a great actress as well as a singer of the very first rank her performance leaves us unsatisfied.

Herr Hérold has turned from German to French music, and the change is a delightful one. As Roméo, in Gounod's opera, his performance revealed a depth of feeling and emotion to which the Juliette of Madame Selma Kurz could show no counterpart. He gave the fullest possible account of the rather barren beauty that belongs to the character as Gounod has interpreted it, and there were moments when he aroused the enthusiasm of a house that was hardly prepared to be enthusiastic. As Faust, too, Herr Hérold acted with distinction, though his voice did not surmount all the

to suggest the dramatic possibilities of the title-rôle, but she sang well, and the same comment applies to Signor Pezzutti's Comte de Saxe. Madame de Cisneros resumed her old part of the Princess. We are inclined to think that her singing has improved since last autumn—perhaps the summer weather is kinder to her middle voice; and as an actress she remains worthy of all praise. In the part of Michonnet, Signor Angeli-Fornari could not make us forget Sammarco, and in the orchestra Signor Conti conducted with more emphasis than discretion. He seemed, in some moments of enthusiastic abandonment, to forget that his orchestra is a large one, that it



PUBLIC SCHOOL CRICKET: ETON VERSUS WINCHESTER.

Photo: Hills and Saunders.

The match was played at Eton on June 23 and 24 in presence of a large number of spectators, and ended in a draw.

we have not travelled very far in the past century and a half, for music as he wrote it, despite its limitations in the matter of purely orchestral effects, possesses an almost unwavering power of appeal. Of course in an opera like "Orfeo" much depends upon the interpretation of the title-rôle, and on the occasion of the revival at Covent Garden Madame Kirkby Lunn was so unfortunate as to be suffering from a severe attack of hoarseness; but she sang bravely, even beautifully. Where she failed was on the dramatic side; we could not find those moments of inspiration to which Giulia Ravogli has accustomed us, and of which we are assured Madame Hasstreiter was the great exponent. If "Orfeo" were a singing part and nothing more, Madame's Lunn's success on her return to normal health would be complete; to the extent that the opera

difficulties set down by the composer. On this occasion Mr. Whitehill sang the Mephistopheles music very finely.

Signor Mancinelli has gone to South America to fulfil a long-standing engagement, and Signor Cleofonte Campanini reigns in his stead. This gifted conductor, brother to the world-famous singer, established his English reputation in the autumn of last year. He has a very marked instinct for directing an orchestra, a tireless energy, remarkable knowledge, and a very wide musical sympathy. Signor Sammarco, the baritone whose singing and acting were acknowledged in the autumn season to be of quite uncommon quality, has come to strengthen the cast at Covent Garden.

WALDORF THEATRE.

At the new theatre in Aldwych, "Adriana Lecouvreur" was revived last week. Signora Corsini was not able

plays almost on a level with the stalls, and that the dimensions of the house are moderate. "Adriana Lecouvreur" should extend its English popularity. It is a delightful opera, if not a great one, full of most tuneful music, possessing a strong human interest, and capable of reaching people to whom more serious music cannot yet appeal.

CONCERTS.

Of last week's concerts the Festival of British Music at the Crystal Palace secured perhaps the greatest success. We are the more pleased to note this because in times past the Crystal Palace has been the home of good music, and Sir August Manns, who unhappily was not present on Saturday last, was unfailing in his endeavours to give young English composers a fair chance. Dr. Frederick Cowen presided ably over a

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concert that included music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Edward Elgar, Edward German, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Hubert Parry, and many others.

We have to note a very successful recital by Miss Rosa Olitzka at the Bechstein Hall last week. Miss Olitzka has learned to use a delightful voice with fine taste and discretion. She has sung at Covent Garden this week.

At the Æolian Hall Mr. Albert Archdeacon has given another concert not less excellent than its predecessor; he was assisted by Madame Beatrice Langley, whose finished violin playing is not heard so often in London as we could wish.

Mr. Boris Hambourg has given a 'cello recital at the Æolian Hall, and demonstrated that he inherits a very fair share of the family talent. His taste and his technique are alike irreproachable; maturity will come.

Numerous and important additions and improvements in the train service on the London and North Western Railway are announced for the summer months, conspicuous among them being additional corridor trains, with luncheon and refreshment cars, as well as sleeping-saloon expresses between Euston, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the North, in both directions, and accelerated train and boat services between Ireland and England, via Holyhead.

The Great Northern Railway announce that they have arranged with the London and South Western Company for a new through service with the South Coast. A new train is to leave King's Cross in connection with the 8 a.m. train from Newcastle, 10.15 a.m. from Leeds, 10.10 a.m. from Bradford, 9.45 a.m. from Hull, 10.10 a.m. from Harrogate, and trains from numerous other stations in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the Midlands, and reaches Southampton at 4.56 p.m., Bournemouth at 5.40 p.m., and Weymouth at 6.52 p.m., with connections to the New Forest, Isle of Wight, Swanage, and District. Passengers arriving in London by the Great Northern main-line trains will therefore be able to join this new train without change of platform, and thus avoid the trouble and expense of crossing London.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A new missionary bishopric is needed in Zululand, and Dr. Wilkinson, who held the see of Zululand from 1870 to 1876, preached in Westminster Abbey on Trinity



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Sunday in support of the appeal. The sum required is £15,000, and the Bishop is asking for a hundred and fifty gifts of £100 each. He reminded the congregation that the natives of South Africa had twice saved

us in grievous straits, and we are in honour bound to pay them a debt of gratitude.

The Lord Mayor's earnest appeal for a generous gift to the hospitals was taken up by the clergy of all denominations. It is now customary for printed letters to be sent out ten days before Hospital Sunday, so that the public may be prepared with their offerings. The Mayor of Marylebone, for example, sent not only a letter to the grown-up members of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, but a little pamphlet for the children. No fewer than 220 institutions claim to participate in the fund.

The Bishop of Llandaff (Dr. J. P. Hughes) referred at his enthronement service to the Welsh revival, which had, he said, broken down barriers between man and man, and thus had brought man nearer to God. At the close of the service a Welsh hymn was sung.

Lord Portman, who was among the worshippers at St. Paul's, Portman Square, on Trinity Sunday, has sent a donation of £1000 to the Bishop of St. Albans' Fund for "London over the Border."

A cope and mitre have been presented to the Bishop of Gibraltar by chaplains and other friends within his jurisdiction. The presentation was made by Archdeacon Collyer, on behalf of the donors, in the vestry of St. Paul's Collegiate Church at Valetta. Dr. Collins, in the course of a graceful reply, said it was now generally recognised that the wearing of the full episcopal dress was not a partisan manifesto, but simply the natural thing to do in distinguished places and on great occasions.

The Bishop of Gloucester (Dr. Gibson) has taken Bewick House for a few months while the palace at Gloucester is being prepared for his reception. V.

We have received Mr. G. E. Lewis of Birmingham's new and revised catalogue of guns for 1905-1906. Each gun and rifle issued by the maker is minutely described and illustrated. Weight, bend, and length are given in detail, and also instructions for self-measurement, so that a sportsman, however distant, can be sure of ordering just the gun that suits him. Altogether it is a unique catalogue.



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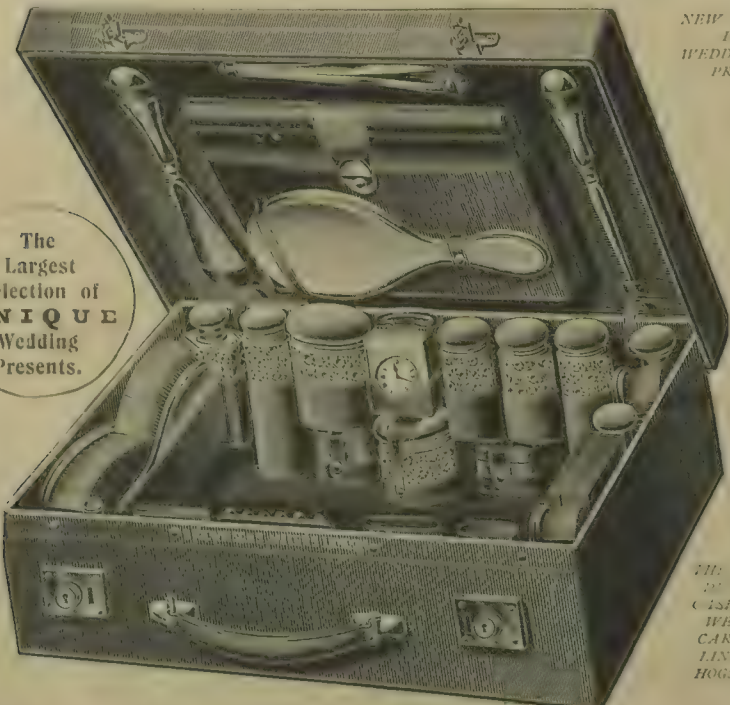
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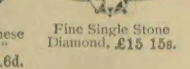
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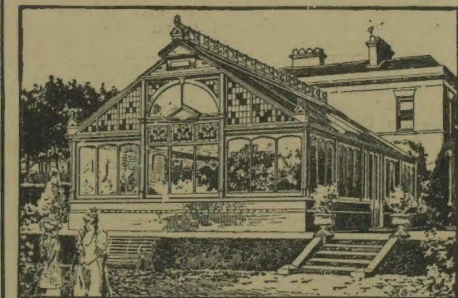
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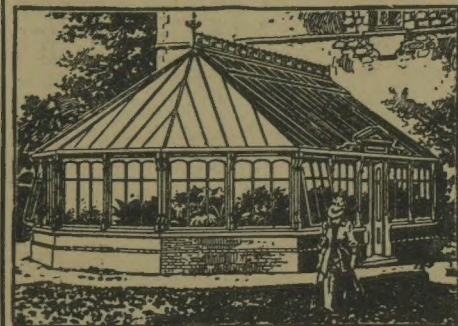
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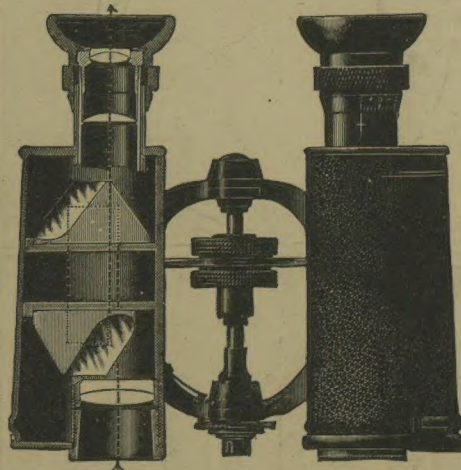
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ART NOTES.

At the Walker Gallery in New Bond Street Mr. Hugh Fisher put on brief view his water-colours and etchings made in Italy and other places. "Fuseli, thou hast an eye!"—a marginal note made by Rossetti in his own copy of the old Academician's "Aphorisms"—is an exclamation equally applicable to Mr. Hugh Fisher. And he has an eye for everything. The modern artist is too often akin to the modern hostess, who says "I am glad to see you!" even while she turns her head to another guest. This earnest artist really sees, and is really glad to see the sights he has thus made truly welcome to his catalogue. He sees cathedrals, and sees the genius of place that belongs to them in cities so far removed from one another in feeling as Turin, Antwerp, Amalfi, Westminster. He is at home—very much at home—in the portico of the National Gallery sketching St. Martin's Church; but not less so in the Luxembourg garden from which he etched St. Sulpice. "In a Tuscan Smithy" and "Hadrian's Villa"—these are among extremes that meet under Mr. Fisher's hand, not perfunctorily, but as true companions, since he has brought to each alike a sympathy of the mind, that seeing eye of which we have spoken, and a finely developed craftsmanship.

The portraits in the collection give another illustration of the variety of Mr. Fisher's achievement. Nothing could be better as a likeness than the "Emery Walker"—a thoroughly understanding rendering of a head that does not seem still even in paint, but to be moving with many and wise enthusiasms. There are interesting portraits also of Professor John Milne, F.R.S., W. Bartlett (the trainer), and Mr. Edmund Gardner—a rare likeness, in the double sense of the phrase, for this delightful writer has hitherto evaded the sitter's

chair and dodged the camera. Other lions who have fallen to the pencil of Mr. Fisher may be seen among the admirable studies of beasts and birds, the "Lioness," "Studies of Lions," and the "Lion's Head," together with "Jaguar," "Dead Puma," "Hare," "Study of a Rook," and "Marabou Stork." In some pastoral and peasant subjects, Mr. Fisher has touches of Barbizon, not, indeed, as an imitator or as an adapter, but as one who sees with Millet. It is a welcome sign, in several ways, that the English labourer has been treated by Mr. Fisher, and has, indeed, afforded subjects for Mr. Fisher's strongest moods—those, for instance, which saw him produce his masterly "Sketch for 'The Shearers.'" A true literary instinct—shown in the avoidance of all literary effort or catchiness—renders the mere list of the titles of Mr. Fisher's over a hundred works very agreeable reading, and a word should be added in gratitude on the rightness of the Arden Press's printing of the catalogue.

The art of painting in tempera is, not suffering, but enjoying an earnest revival at the hands of the members of the Society of Painters in Tempera, who exhibit their works at the Carfax Gallery in Bury Street. "Il libro dell' Arte di Cennino Cennini" is, as we are reminded in a preface to the Carfax catalogue, a complete treatise on the art of tempera, and this book assures the society that it is using exactly the tools, if not of Giotto, of the quite early Italian Masters. To the medium (which is the yolk of egg) and to the sentiment of Pre-Raphaelite times, this society is hurrying back, and it has arrived at something more simple than the English Pre-Raphaelitism of the 'sixties. Mrs. Adrian Stokes, for instance, in her "Legend" and "Madonna and Child with Symbols from a Litany," has attained more nearly to the real simplicity of the early Italian Masters than did any of

those painters whom Ruskin urged backwards into the Bygone. The "Portrait of a Lady in Eastern Costume" and "The Golden Age," by the Hon. Neville Lytton, show a recurrence to a more complex manner and feeling.

This recurrence is strong and sure, Mr. Lytton showing his studentship of Italian painting in every stroke of his brush. Mr. John D. Batten is more modern in his sentiment and method than most of his co-exhibitors, but he has curiously introduced the ardour of an Annunciation, one of the prevailing subjects of early Italian art, into his "Danæ." Mr. Cayley Robinson has never more successfully expressed his Blake-like mystery than in "The Deep Midnight." We think that he has found himself in tempera, and that he should abide by a medium in which he has been so well able to realise the strangely imaginative quality we find in this picture. It is interesting to note that Watts's "The Utmost for the Highest," shown in this gallery, is by no means so Italianate as the works surrounding it, for even Watts's work, with its strong Venetian tendency, does not so faithfully recur to the Old Masters as the members of this Tempera Society.

W. M.

The time-table issued by the Great Central Railway Company for July, August, and September, bears the title of "Rapid Travel in Luxury," and a perusal of its contents demonstrates that this enterprising Company intends to justify the use of such a phrase. Many important accelerations have been made in the train service affecting all parts of the country. The express train known as the Sheffield Express, leaving Marylebone at 3.25 p.m., will cover the 164½ miles to Sheffield without a stop in 170 minutes, an average speed of 58.14 miles per hour. For 126½ miles of the journey the speed will average 63 miles per hour.

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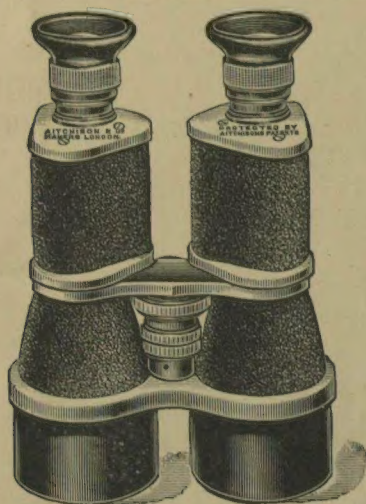
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Mrs. Rose Goodwin.
(From a Photo.)

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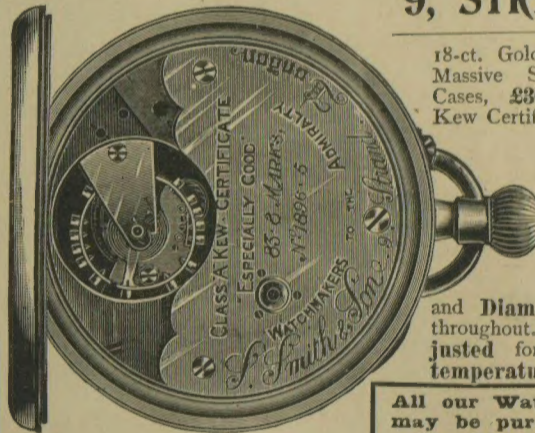
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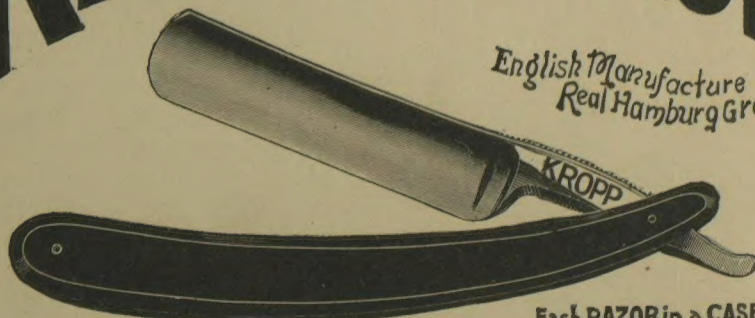
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 12, 1902), with a codicil, of MR. FREDERIC CHATFIELD SMITH, of Bramcote Hall, Notts, and 33, Chesham Place, S.W., a former M.P. for North Nottinghamshire, banker, who died on April 20, has been proved by Herbert Francis Smith and Evelyn Kyrle Smith, the sons, the value of the real and personal estate being £372,872. The testator gives the house and furniture in Chesham Place to his son Herbert Francis; the income from £80,000, a conditional annuity of £2100, and the use and enjoyment of Bramcote Hall to his wife; £12,000, in trust, for each of his daughters who are spinsters, and £100 per annum each during the life of their mother; the advowson of the living of Attenborough-cum-Bramcote to his wife and sons, Herbert Francis and Evelyn Kyrle; and legacies to servants. Subject to the interest of Mrs. Smith, he leaves the Bramcote Hall Estate to his son Evelyn Kyrle, and the sum of £80,000 to his sons, Evelyn Kyrle and Ruthven Frederic Ruthven. The rest and remainder of his property he leaves to his three sons.

The will (dated May 16, 1904) of MR. ADOLPH FASS, of 32, Queen's Gate, 3A, King William Street, and the Grange, Chalfont St. Peter, who died on April 30, has been proved by Adolph Henry Fass, the son, James

Bailey, M.P., and George Elliot Armstrong, the gross value of the property being £290,184. The testator gives to his wife £3000, an annuity of £3000, and the use of the Grange; to each of his children £1000; to his son Adolph Henry £10,000; to his sister, Doris £2000; to his sister Augusta £500; to George Elliot Armstrong, £1000; to James Bailey, £100; to each grandchild £500; to his wife for charitable purposes, £250, and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his eleven children.

The will (dated April 29, 1899) of MR. CHARLES WILLIAM CURTIS, of Kearsney Abbey, near Dover, and of Messrs. Curtis and Harvey, Ltd., gunpowder manufacturers, who died on May 5, was proved on June 15 by Charles Herbert Curtis and Thomas Reginald Curtis, the sons, Spencer Henry Curtis, the brother, and Horace Edward Golding, the value of the estate being £174,822. The testator gives the Kearsney Abbey estate to his son Charles Herbert, Mrs. Curtis to have the use of the house and furniture for life; £15,000 each to his daughters; £20,000 shares in Curtis and Harvey, Ltd., to each of his sons, except Charles Herbert and Thomas Reginald; £4000 per annum to his widow; and £100 each to the Brompton Consumption Hospital, the Cambridge Asylum, the Convalescent Home at Walton-on-the-Naze, the Victoria

Children's Hospital, the Dover Hospital, the Margate Seaside Hospital, the Ramsgate Seaman's Infirmary, King's College Hospital, and the Savernake Cottage Hospital. Subject to a few small legacies he leaves the residue of his property to his children.

The will (dated April 15, 1905), with a codicil, of MR. WILLIAM BENSON RICHARDSON, of Burn Hall, Easingwold, Yorks, who died on April 23, was proved on June 17 by Mrs. Sophia Richardson, the widow, Thomas Hildyard Richardson, the nephew, and Edward Sutton, the value of the real and personal estate being £103,162. The testator gives £250 per annum and the manors, but not the lands, of Haxby Strensall, Oswaldwick, and Gate Helmsley to his nephew, and £100 each to his executors. He gives £1000 to his wife and the income during widowhood from the residue of his property; but should she again marry, her income, with the funds of her marriage settlement, is to be made up to £750 per annum. Subject thereto, he settles all his real estate on his nephew for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail male, and his personal property is to be held in trust for his said nephew for life and then one moiety thereof is to go to the first son of his who shall succeed to the said settled estates, and the other moiety as his nephew shall appoint to his wife and younger children.

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